

CHORUS POETARUM:

K O R, *Gilson!*

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

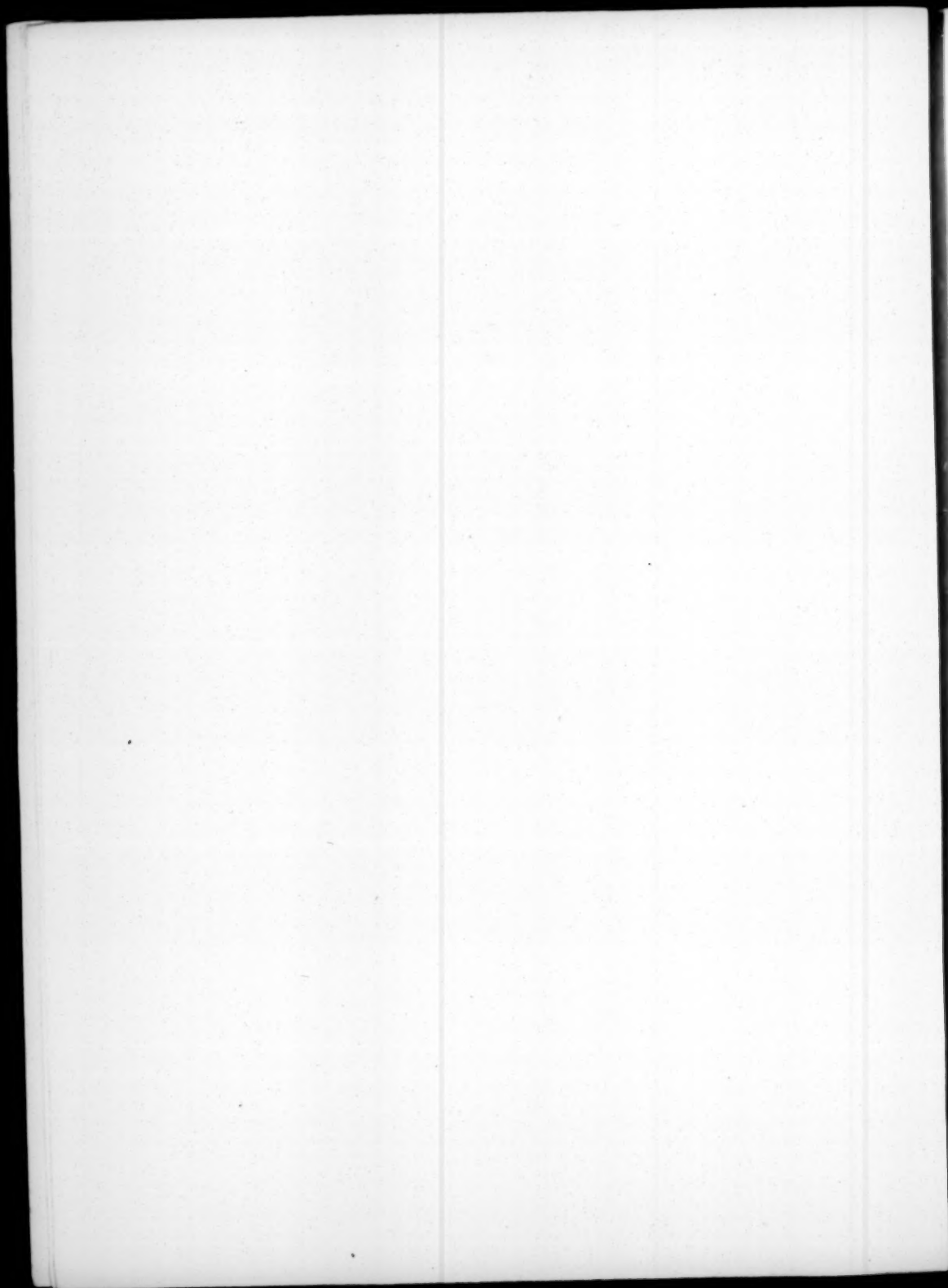
BY THE

Duke of <i>Buckingham</i> ,	}	Sir Geo. <i>Etheridge</i> ,
the late Lord		<i>Andrew Marvell</i> , Esq;
<i>Rochester</i> ,	}	The famous <i>Spencer</i> ,
Sir <i>John Denham</i> ,		<i>Madam Behn</i> ,

And several other Eminent Poets of this Age.

Never before Printed.

LONDON: Printed for Benjamin Bagg, at
the *White-Hart*, over against *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-Street*. MDCLX/XIV.



Edmond Malone
1785

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By several Gentlemen and Ladies.
other Eminent Men of the Age.
Mr. Newman, Mr. Conington, and
Garnett, Esq. & others, Esq.
Esq. the Hon. George
Vane, Director John Dyden,
Esq. &c. in Prose and
Verse, Moral, Historical, Cri-
tical, American, &c. on several Subjects Philo-
sophical, Metaphysical, Letters and Es-
says. Here is lately Published, Mr.

There is lately Publish'd, *Miscellaneous Letters and Essays, on several Subjects.* Philosophical, Moral, Historical, Critical, Amorous, &c. in Prose and Verse. Directed to *John Dryden, Esq*; the Honourable *George Granvill, Esq*; *Walter Moyle, Esq*; *Mr. Dennis, Mr. Congreve,* and other Eminent Men of th' Age. By several Gentlemen and Ladies.

Printed for *Benj. Bagg,* at the *White Hart,* over against *Water-Lane, Fleet-street.*

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CHORUS TO
OF
P. O. E. M. S.
ON
Several Occasions

BY THE
Duke of Buckingham
and the Duke of
Rochester
Sir John Darnley
And several other
gentlemen



LONDON: Printed for J. Smith, at the
and W. B. Smith, over against St. Dunstons Church
in the Strand. MDCCLXIV.

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T H E
Epistle Dedicatory,

S I R,
Sir FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD,

Innovation lies under so very Scandalous a Name, that to break an old Custom, tho' never so Erroneous, is esteem'd little less than the profanest of Sacriledgies, So necessary we think it to believe our Ancestors wiser, than our Selves. This makes me afraid to turn out of that beaten Path, my Predecessors in Dedications, have made the *Via Regia* for us to tread; they have fix'd the Custom of rarely, or never speaking Truth to our Patrons, and I shou'd be convicted of too open a breach of this, by more Witnesses
A 3 than

The Epistle Dedicatory.

than the Law requires, if I shou'd in this Epistle attempt your *Praise*; because all, that have the Happiness of an Intimacy with you, know, and all that have heard of you believe your *Merit* deserves the greatest. Besides I shou'd incur the Imputation of that intollerable Impertinence some News-Mongers are so guilty of, in repeating, with abundance of Ceremony, what all the World knew before: And to tell my *Readers* that Sir *FLEETWOOD* is a Man of admirable Address, and vivacity in Conversation, that his *Reflections* are both Judicious and Pleasant; that he knows not only Himself, but the World too; and other Truths, too numerous to particularize, wou'd be but a dull Repetition of what his daily *Converse* has already, and e'ery moment does prove ten thousand times more effectually; for,

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per Aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit Spectator.* —

The

The Epistle Dedicatory.

The World Loves to hear something new, something not heard of before, viz. That such a *Miser* is a liberal *Mecenas*; such a thoughtless pert *Debochee*, a Man of Honour, Temperance, Justice and Generosity; such a stigmatiz'd *Sot*, a Man of Address and Wit: But I must inform 'em that the thred-bare Authors have found, ev'n that Method ineffectual; all the Dedicator can say, will not perswade the Parcimonious Patron to be liberal, or the Town to think him so; all his forc'd Encomiums on his Sense, will scarce make him so much a Man of Wit, as to rise above some little paltry Present; for with Authors, Sir, as well as Whores,

Res est, crede mihi, ingeniosa DARE.

And what-ever the World may think their Brains, their Gold will be always sterling with the Poets.

I esteem my self more happy in the Choice of your Patronage, because it secures me from Scandalously incurring the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

same Follies and Vices I condemn in others. But as I have no common Patron in Sir *FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD*; so I will not treat you like one, I'll endeavour to imitate *You*, Sir, that is, entertain you agreeably, as you do all your Friends. But I'm not so vain, as to mean this of any thing I have, or shall say in this Dedication: no, I leave that lucky Assurance to our brisker Authors, who full of themselves, and the University, set up Dogmatically to assert their own Excellence, and the Follies of all others; let them think to atone for their own nauseous Translations, by railing at the poor Beaux, and crown themselves with Laurel, for having wretchedly attack'd those despicable Animals. The Entertainment, Sir, that I propose, is the following Collection of Verses, where you'll find both *Variety* and *Excellence*; for a great many of the ensuing Poems merit that Title.

If there can be a Definition given us of Wit, and good Poetry, I'm sure the Praise
and

The Epistle Dedicatory

and Fate of Authors are not really so Arbitrary, as they are generally made. I have frequently heard Men, who have in their Performances excell'd, censure others, very positively, without giving any Reason for what they said; when in those very things, they exploded, there have concurr'd all they ever requir'd to a good Poem, Propriety, and Noble Boldness of Thought and Expression, the Images daring, and natural, &c. and in Discourses, the Arguments demonstrative, and succinct; the Reflections Just and Brilliant. On the other hand, I have seen Authors, meet with a very welcome Reception in the World, who in my Opinion have but a slender pretence to Merit. Whose works are like St. James's Park on a Sunday or Holy-day, a strange Extravagant Medley, here a heap of dull Insipid Stuff, with a pert Air, like a Company of heavy, gawdy flutt'ring awkward City Prentices, with their Swords ty'd up to their Middles; there a dull Thought dress'd in an affected Expression, like Miss

in

The Epistle Dedicatory.

in her Holy-day Garb, as stiffly adjusted as her Father's Beard, when he goes to the Change, or a Sermon. There a false glittering Reflection, set off with the Emphatic Mein of a suburb Harlot to engage the straggling Shop-keeper on his Dominical day of Vacation from Cheating; besides a thousand other congergated Blunders, like the Flood of the undistinguish'd Mob, that laboriously contribute their share of bustle to the raising a Dust and Noise, as well as the Spleen,

But if the World wou'd receive the Standard of Wit and Excellence given us by so good a Judge, as Mr. Dryden, viz. *Propriety of Thoughts and Words, or the Thoughts and Words elegantly adapted to Subject*, Authors wou'd meet with a much different Fate, from what they have of late. They wou'd not build their Reputation on any Faction, and challenge Wit from the suppos'd Justice of the Cause they espouse; from the Eminent Man they have the

Im-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Impudence to attaque; or the Elimosinary Verses of their establish'd Acquaintance, the Tribute of their Friendship, not Judgment; from the Extravagance of the Paradox they advance, or in short, from the Assurance of their own parts; but only from their true and innate Worth, as they equal'd, or fell short of the Standard of Excellence. This I desire shou'd be the guide of the Reader's Censure of the following Verses; not that I've any Hope my own Will escape the better by this means; for I confess my self before-hand, so far from a Poet, that I don't think my self so; I know by experience, that the Muse has too much of the Jilt of that Sex, she's represented of, to one that has no Money; Want starves Poetry, as well as pleasure; and an empty Purse will never win one of the nine Sisters to the Arms of their greatest Admirer. They are like other Temporary Friends, flying from our distress, and quitting us like our Shadows, as soon as the
the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Sun withdraws. I have met with too many Misfortunes, and too few Friends to have Sedateness, and Freedom of Mind, enough to write, as I cou'd wish; without the Golden Bough, there's no Being

*Led thro' the Cumæan Cave,
To hear th' impatient Maid divinely rave.*

Yet notwithstanding this, I have presumed to insert some of my own Verses in this Miscellany, whose Fate I shall not be over-sollicitous for; hoping I may hereafter be able to produce something, my Enemies will not so easily condemn. I shall leave the whole, sir, without any farther Apology, to your Candour and good Humour, who can not only distinguish betwixt the Manners of the Authors you read, and their Wit; but also appraise the Merit of the Performances, where you, and all honest Men, must condemn the Subject, its to this Candour and
the Ge-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Generous Temper of yours, Sir, that, with
the Book, I commit my self, who am,

R E A D E R

Yours Humble Servant,

I have lately met with an
 Account, which, for the time
 I could trouble me more than any
 thing that ever befel me. I did im-
 portune Abbot of several of those
 Gentlemen, I had publicly declared my
 self an admirer of being thrust into the
 English Dictionary of the second volume
 of the Ladies Letters. Some were
 pleased very much to lay it as my
 fault in too sensible of my own de-
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Ge-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Generous Temper of yours, Sir, that, with
the Book, I commit my self, who am,

Yours most Obedient Servant,

THE

READER

Your Humble Servant,

Altho' my other Misfortunes
I have lately met with an
Obstacle, which, for the time
I could trouble me more than any
thing that ever befel me, I did not
pertinent Abuse of several of those
Gentlemen, I had publicly declared my
self an admirer of, being thrust into the
Epistle Dedicatory of the second volume
of the Ladies Letters, Some years
past, it was my duty to lay it as my
part in too sensible of my own de-
fects to be so Mortally at the despicable
Opinion

Advertisement
TO THE
R E A D E R.

Amongst my other Misfortunes
I have lately met with an
Adventure, which, for the time
I confess, troubl'd me more, than any
thing that ever besel me. A dull Im-
pertinent Abuse of several of those
Gentlemen, I had publicly declar'd my
self an admirer of, being thrust into the
Epistle Dedicatory of the second Volume
of the Ladies Letters, Some were
pleas'd very unjustly to lay it at my
Door. I'm too sensible of my own de-
fects to be so Mortify'd at the despicable
Opinion

Opinion those Gentlemen bad of my
sense, who believ'd it ; but I confess I
was sensibly touch'd with the Scanda-
lous Judgment they made of my Mo-
rals, which I do without Arrogance
pretend to be as Orthodox as any Mans,
how Heterodox soever my other Opi-
nions may be thought by some. I
speak this so publicly to satisfie those
whose Friendship I value, and whose
Merit I have ever allow'd, and can-
not be brib'd by the justest Resentment
to deny or lessen. I wish the Opini-
ated Author of the Epistle, would be
as just in the owning his Brat, as he
was unjust in its Production.

POEMS

Opinion that I am a bad of my
 kind, who I should be, and I confess I
 was hardly touched with the Scanda-
 lous Judgment they made of my Mo-
 rals, when I do without disguise
 pretend to be as orthodox as any Man,
 does Heretick for ever my other Opi-
 nions may be thought by some. I
 speak this publicly to justify those
 whose Friendship I value, and whose
 Merit I have ever allow'd, and can-
 not be held by the justest Reformation
 to hang in doubt. I wish the Opin-
 ioned Author of the Epistle, would be
 as just in the owning his Bias, as he
 was unjust in his Persecution.

POEMS

P O E M S

O N

Several. Occasions.

P O E M S

Seventeenth Edition

ON
His Majesty's Conquests
IN
IRELAND.

Made immediately after the Victory at
Sea, 1692.

HOW great a Transport is a brave Man in,
When echoing Trumpets bid the Fight
begin?

With Joy, the list'ning Warrior hears them sound,
And rears himself, all ravish'd, from the Ground:
He grasps his Sword, and lifts his pond'rous Shield;
And big with Joy, flies to the fatal Field:
The God of War his heated Breast inspires,
And his glad Soul swells to receive the Fires:

Already, he descrys the distant Plain,
Already seems to view the horrid Scene,
Hear clashing Spears, and Groans of dying Men. }
Such was our Monarchs transport at the *Boyne* :
There, *Nassau*, all the Work was Heaven's, and
thine.

Thy self the foremost, like the leading God,
Thy Soldiers gladly follow'd thro' the Flood ;
Bending the Waves beneath them with their Tread,
They rais'd a Tempest, tho' the Winds were laid.
Each Army, like a well-appointed Fleet,
Cut thro' the rapid Streams, and mid way met ;
Whilst from both Shores the thund'ring Ordnance
speaks,
In louder Sounds, than those of Brazen Beaks.
All Elements, Fire, Water, Earth and Air,
Joyn in the fight, and mingle in the War.

Clouds of black Smoak the face of Heav'n obscure,
The Earth is shook, and the dash'd Waters roar;
Hundreds are swallowed up, the furious Tide,
With a strong Current, rows away the Dead.
Already they have shot the Gulph of Death,
And need no Waftage over Lakes beneath;
Fate stretch'd himself, and both the Banks bestride;
Fixing a deadly foot on either side,
Whilst underneath his Arch the River flow'd,
Whose Waters rose up to him, swell'd with Blood;
By thousand differing ways, a thousand fall,
See Death in all its forms, and dire in all.
The Stately Youth, that stood erect but now,
Struck by the mortal Dart, are levelled low;
Whole Heads and Arms are lopt, the shivering Spear
Strikes its sharp Splinters thro' the wounded Air;
All instruments of Death the Fates employ,
Whom the Swords spare, the Waters do destroy.

From dying Chiefs the River gains a Fame,
But *Sconberg* gives it an immortal Name:
Bred up in Camps, inur'd to horrid Wars,
Loaden with Fame and Honour, as with Years;
Brave as he liv'd, the good old General fell,
And his great Master did revenge him well.
O! had thy mighty shade been by t' have seen
What Troops of Ghosts he sent to wait on thine,
Thy thankful *Genius* would his steps attend,
The best of Masters, and the bravest Friend;
To him thy Art of Conquering would bequeath,
Who fought to make thee famous in thy Death:
For whilst the Waters of the *Boyne* shall flow,
Succeeding Ages shall remember you.

Soldiers and Chiefs without distinction drop,
Only the King, stood as Immortal up;

Around

Around thy Head a thousand Deaths did fly,
Spent in the Air; the boldest destiny
Durst only touch thee in its passage by.
Thy stronger *Genius* did the stroke decline,
Fate had the power of ev'ry Life but thine.
Heroes on either side rush dauntless on;
The day is vanish'd e're the Battle's done.
Groans of slain Soldiers mount up to the Skies,
Compassionate Eccho's answer to their Cries.
Whole Heav'ns concern'd, as 'twere it self in fight,
And diseased Nature sickens at the sight;
Nought stops the merc'less Victor in his course,
Strongly he urges on th' Impetuous Horse,
And bears down all with a resistless force:
So swiftly does he drive the flying Steed,
That Victory can scarce keep equal speed.

Heaven lookswith pity on the mighty Dead,
And griev'd to see so many thousands bleed,
Spreads the thick Veil of Night, to keep them hid.

The Sun went down with an unwonted red ;
Bloody he lookt, as if himself had bled.

He seem'd to fall in the same famous Stream;
Our *Nassau* fought, and seem'd to fall by him.

Those very waters where the God lay Drown'd,
Our greater *Heroe* past and went beyond.

The Heavens withdraw their Lustre, and their Fires
And day it self, the last of all, expires.

Night, Horror, and Confusion, fill the Plain,
Darkness and Death, shut in the gloomy Scene.

Winds waft the dreadfull Tidings round their
Coast;

Aloud they tell them how their *Isle* is lost;

Bid them take Wings, and fly in haste away,
The Conquerour comes on, as Swift as they.
Fierce, and Resistless, through the Land he past;
His Fame, and he seem'd to make equal haste.
At his approach th' affrighted Realm is shook,
The chiefest Cities yield without a Stroke.
To the proud Walls of *L'mrick*, Siege he lays,
Which nought but Winter had the power to raise.
The gathering Clouds do warn him to be gone,
And timely shew the Tempest drawing on.
His Orders for a brave Retreat are given,
The Pious *Heroe* only yields to Heaven.
So *Tyre* stopt *Alexander's* eager haste;
Withstood him for a while, tho' won at last.
Now he returns from the half vanquished *Isle*;
And seeks in Foreign Camps for nobler Toyl.
He leaves his Army to his General's Care,
And shews the ways, they must pursue the War.

With

With the vast help of the dread *Nassau's* Name,
His gallant Chiefs purchase their share of Fame.
They Fought secure of Honour, and Success;
The Cause was Heavens, and the Army his.
Conquest is easier made, when once begun;
Like high swollen waters, when the Sluce is drawn,
The Torrent from a far comes rowling on.

To distant Realms his conquering Arms he
bears,
And Hostile Lands are made the Seat of Wars.
On him, and us these Blessings are bestow'd,
Peace flourishes at home, and War abroad.
Disdainfull Princes are compell'd to bow;
And haughty *France* begins to feel us now.
With Powers unequal, they a War maintain,
Compelled already to Resign the Main.

The greatest Navy they could ever Boast,
The work of thirty years, one Conflict lost.
Both Fleets encountred with Impetuous Shocks,
Resounding as the waves, that dash the Rocks.
The Cannon roar'd as loud as did the Seas,
And Fire, and Smoak rowl'd o'er the Ocean's Face;
Some sunk, some scatter'd through the watry Field,
And some from farther flight disabl'd Yield.
Once more, we're Sovereign Masters of the Sea,
And have our Passage to Invasion Free.
On the proud Foe, we may our Armies pour,
Resistless as the Seas, that wash their shore.
Again, we may recover Empire there:
England can do it, and its Monarch dare.
'Tis he must pull the growing Tyrant down;
'Tis he will lead the *Brittish* Armies on.
Go all you gallant Youths, your Arms prepare,
Go with your Royal Leader to the War.

Yours

Yours is the Right, with Conquest make your
Claim,

And raise at once, your Fortunes and your Fame.

None but old Men confin'd within our Isles,

And tender Maids, unfit for mighty Toils.

Albion unpeopled, need not fear Surprise,

Heaven has Created it a Guard of Seas.

The Aged Sires to Altars shall repair,

And with a Pious Force, win Heaven by Prayer.

The fighting Virgins shall your absence mourn,

And every Beauty beg your safe return.

With Vows and Tears, assenting Heaven shall
move,

And that shall Crown your Arms, and they your
Love.

Thrice happy Victors destin'd to receive

What Heaven, and heavenly Beauty has to give.

But one, by far surpassing all the rest,
 Shall make her much loved *Nassau* chiefly Blest.
 The Queen of *Britain*, and of Beauty smiles,
 And thanks her Conquering Warriour for his Toils.
 Each rowlling day, new Honours does prepare;
 Gives him new Glory, adds new Charms to her.
 He Reaps the noble Harvest of the Field,
 And gives her all the Crop that it can yield.
 Thus whilst his wreaths, thy lovely Temples bind,
 And all the Laurel Crowns he won, are thine;
 And all by Crowning thee become Divine;
 From every Part shall vanquish'd Princes come;
 Thou shalt pronounce the Royal Captives doom.
 Each Vassal shall bow down his suppliant knee,
 And all the Earth receive their Laws from thee.

Tune then your Jo Poeans to their praise,
 To our great King eternal Trophies raise.

Let

Let the good *Dorset* all his Fights rehearse,
The noblest Actions, in the noblest verse.
Let the best Pencil draw him as he stood,
Repelling Fate, and the surrounding Flood.
Paint him Triumphant over Earth, and Sea,
Paint him so great, as all may know 'tis he.
All his lov'd Subjects watch his wish'd return,
Prepare his Triumphs, and his Throne adorn;
Pour all your Treasure out beneath his Feet.
And be your Payment, as your Debt is, great.
Supply him from your unexhausted Store.
So brave a Prince never led you forth before.
Preserve him, Heaven, from all the rage of War;
Divert the threatening point of every Spear;
Shield him, some God, and let no Shaft come
near.

TO AMARILLIS.

Out of the *Anthologia* of the *Italian* Poets.

SEVEN Summers Heats, and Winters Frosts are
past,

Since, *Amarillis*, I beheld you last :

Yet, nor the Winter's Frosts, nor frequent Rains;
Could quench my Fires, or cool my burning pains ;
Nor the seven Summers, with their scorching heat,
Expell my Flames, or make my Love abate.

You, when the dawning day begins to break,
Are my first Song ; yours, the first name I speak :
And when the mounting Sun has reach'd his height,
From his Meridian, shining warm, and bright ;
My Morning Theme at Mid-day I rehearse :
You fill my Numbers, and inspire my Verse.

Then

Then when encroaching Night comes hast'ning on,
The shadows length'ning, as the Sun goes down ;
Still their first Theme my constant Songs pursue,
And all I talk, and think, is still of you.

You, in my Dreams, my flatter'd Arms infold ;
Oh! that those Dreams, that sooth me so, could
hold :

But they once gone, and Day again in view,
With the renewing Light, my Pains renew :
I fly my House, as that increas'd my Grief,
And yet in open Air, find no relief ;
O're Hills, and Dales, thro' ev'ry conscious Grove,
Born by my restless Passion, on I Rove,
Aloud complaining ; with my piteous Moans,
I fill the sounding Rocks, and tire the list'ning
Stones.

Echo alone, my loud complaints, returns,
Echo alone, with kind condolence mourns.

Oft as the Sighs from my heav'd Heart arise,
From neighb'ring Caves, as oftén she replies,
Shares more than half my Woes, redoubling all
my Cries.

Oft as some rugged Clift's ascent I gain,
And thence look downward on the distant main;
Mad as the Billows of the foaming Sea,
To the regardless Waves, and Winds, I pray:
Paying wild Vows to the fair Nymphs, that keep
Their wat'ry Courts around the spacious Deep.
The Sea, and Sea-green *Nereids* I implore,
To waite me safely to the wish'd for Shoar;
But should that prove too much for them to give,
For me, too great a Favour to receive;
Still, let me go, tho' to be wreck'd, and lost,
If ev'n my wreck it self, may reach her Coast.
How often do I blefs the *Zephyr's* flight,
Which steers them to my lovely Charmer's sight?

With

Wish that no Rocks may their soft Pinions tear,
Nor Clouds oppose their passage thro' the Air;
But that, securely, they their wings may move,
Securely bear the message of my Love.

Tell *Amaryllis* how her *Daphnis* dies,
Express my Passion, and repeat my Sighs.

How oft, to Winds, whose swift mov'd Pinions
sweep,

In their return from thence, the yielding Deep,

Did you, I cry, my *Amaryllis* see?

And did she? did she once remember me?

Does she not yet, all thoughts of Love resign?

Or are they, are they still unmov'd like mine?

But the Deaf Winds, on which hoarse Murmurs
fly,

And raging o'er the Seas, make no reply;

O'er my abandon'd Head, away they bear,

And leave me motionless, with Grief, and Fear.

Nor

Nor can the pastimes of my fellow Swains;
Nor Damsels dancing on the flow'ry Plains;
Nor Songs of Sylvan Gods, compose my Soul;
Where *Amaryllis* has usurp'd it whole.

TO CHRISTINA, Queen of
Sweden.

By Mr. Marvel.

Bellipotens virgo, septem Regina trium,
Christina, *Arctoi lucida stella poli*;
Cernis quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utq; senex armis impiger ora fero,
In via fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor & populi fortia jussa manu;
At tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra,
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usq; truces.

English'd by Sir F. S.

B Right Martial Maid, Queen of the frozen
Zone,

The Northern Pole supports thy shining Throne.

Behold what Furrows Age, and Steel can plow ;

The Helmet's weight oppress'd this wrinkld Brow.

Thro' Fates untrodden Paths I move, my Hands

Still act my Free-born Peoples bold Commands ;

Yet this stern Shade, to you submits his Frowns,

Nor are these Looks always severe to *Crowns*.

On

On the late Sickness of Madam
MOHUN, and Mr. CON-
GREVE.



EPIGRAM.

ONE fatal Day, a Sympathetic Fire
Siez'd him, that writ, and her that did in-
spire.

Mohun, the Muses Theme, their Master Congreve,
Beauty, and Wit, had like to've lain in one Grave.

*On a Lady's Arrival from
Holland.*

ALL things move forward, with a prosp'rous
Breeze,

And none but gentle *Zephyrs* swell the Seas,
Whilst the proud Ship its pompous load conveys.

Holland, with Grief, surrenders up the Fair,

And we, with Pride and Joy, receive Her here ;

While in one bottom, they resign their store,

And by enriching us, themselves grow poor :

Much to those generous Provinces we owe,

For *Heroes* much, but more for Beauty now.

Abroad your Warriours conquer with their Arms,

And here alike, you conquer with your Charms ;

While hourly in your crowded ways you meet

The Youth of *Britain* bleeding at your Feet.

In War the vanquish'd Foes for Mercy sue,
And we bow down for pity here to you:
Alike in Pow'r, you Life or Death afford,
The conqu'ring Beauty, or the conqu'ring Sword.

*Engrav'd on a Medal of the French
King's.*

P*roximus & similis regnas, Lodoice, Tonanti,
Vim summam, summâ cum pietate geris;
Optimus expansis alis, at maximus armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin coeant toto Ti'ania, & dera Rheno;
Illa aquilam tantum, Gallia fulmen habet.*

Engliſh'd thus:

S*Econd to Fove alone, in whom unite
Unbounded Virtue, with unbounded Might.*

Whether to succour Innocents oppress,
Or quell those Monsters which the World infest:
In vain the *Titans* against Heaven combine,
In vain the Imbattel'd Squadrons cross'd the *Rhine*,
Theirs is the Eagle, but the Thunder's thine.

A

*A Letter from two Gentlemen in the
Country to a Friend in the City.*

WHILE we in Country Conversation
Hear strange odd stories of the
Nation,
Without one word of right Relation:
*You have the Truth of what befalls
The heavy Dutch, and active Ganks;*
Which Side has got the best in Battles,
And which has lost their Goods and Chattels,
*You've all the Wit too that is sown,
In Speech and Pamphlet o'er the Town;*
But lest at some unlucky Time,
You may want something new in Rhime,
We'll tell you how the Day and Night,
Is spent betwixt the *SQUIRE* and *KNIGHT*.
Th'Account is true, as Gospel Text,
I writ the first Line, *I the next.*

Note, that
the differ-
ent Print
distinguish-
es what
each writes.
That in the
Roman is
writ by the
Knight, that
in the Ita-
lick by the
Squire.

Singly you ought to trust to neither,

Yet you may credit both together.

We make a shift to rise as early,

As he that dreamt of Mrs. Farly.

After short Conference held with Heaven,

(For Country-Sins are soon forgiven;)

Each takes his Book, the best beloved,

SQUIRE takes Lucretius; KNIGHT takes Ovid.

We're now Inventing, now Translating,

And sometimes Drinking, sometimes Eating.

I writing Loves of Lady's Errant,

I signing Country Bumkins Warrant;

Till Dinner calls, where, after Grace,

The KNIGHT puts on his serious Face,

Yet lays about, and eats apace.

The same Grace after, as before,

For neither I, nor I, have more.

We rise, and go to what we please,
Have several sports for several days,
And faith we live in Mirth and Ease. }

In Town you're fine Folk, yet we'll tell you,
In what we Country Folk excell you.

Here's no damn'd Mischief to be gotten ;
No Gallant clapt, no Mistrefs rotten.

Green Grass contents the humble Lovers,
And Shades of Haycocks are our Covers :

Our Lasses, what they want in Beauty,
Make out in faithful Love and Duty.

'Twixt you and I, KNIGHT, Love's a leap,
Where he can have it sound and cheap,

But hates to waste his little Riches,
On jilting Sluts, and pocky Bitches.

Believe me, Jack, in what is true,
He has a better — than you, }

Which I admire you never knew.

Now

Now let our Services be giv'n,
To all our Friends on this side Heav'n.

*We've nought to say to those gon thither,
Or elsewhere fled, the Lord knows whither:
Let them enjoy what e'er can flow,
From Bl'ss, which they alone must know,
We're content to stay below.*

As Merchants deal with *Indian* Rabbles,
And sell them Bells, and such like Baubles;
And so the Knaves by ev'ry Trangam,
Get Gold and Jewels, marry hang'em.
We send you here a Doggrel Letter,
From you, expecting much a better.
*Which we with earnest solicite,
The greatest Favour next, a Visit.*
But that we fear's too great a Toil,
Nor would you think it worth your while,

*To change good Wine, and handsome Whores,
For Drink, and Doodies, such as ours.*

Our Friends, we never will importune,
To loss of Pleasures, or of Fortune;
Nor too much urge you to forsake all,
The Joys, we can't pretend to equal.

*May all good Fortune still caress you,
And Wine and Women joyn to bless you,*

*Beauty consult all Charms to fire you,
As Knight, and I conspire to tire you.*

That Thought came timely, by my troth,
And at this juncture well for both.

The tedious Writer bear the trouble,
In spite, to give the Reader double.

By

By *Madam Behn*.

I.

THE Gods are not more blest than he,
Who fixing his glad Eyes on thee,
With thy bright Rays his Senses cheers,
And drinks with ever thirsty Ears :
The charming Musick of thy Tongue,
Does ever hear, and ever long ;
That sees with more than humane Grace ;
Sweet Smiles adorn thy Angel Face.

I I.

But when with kinder Beams you shine,
And so appear much more Divine :
My feeble sense, and dazzled Sight,
No more support the Glorious Light,
And the fierce Torrent of Delight.

Oh!

Oh ! then I feel my Life decay,
My ravish'd Soul then-flies away,
Then Faintness does my Limbs surprize,
And Darknes swims before my Eyes.

I I I.

Then my Tongue fails, and from my Brow
The Liquid Drops in Silence flow :
Then wand'ring Fires run thro' my Blood :
Then Cold binds up the languid Flood.
All Pale and Breathless then I lie,
I sigh, I tremble, and I die.

To

To the Precise Cloris.

A Paraphrase on the beginning of the last
Chorus in Seneca's *Oedipus*.

Fatis agimur, cedit Fa'is,
Non sollicita possunt cura

Mutare rati stammina fusi,

Quicquid patimur mortale genus,

Quicquid facimus venit ex alto,

Omnia certo tramite vadunt,

Primusq; dies dedit extremum.

Submit to Fate, 'tis her Tyrannic Reign,
Against whose blind Decrees, Man strives in
vain ;

Not all his Anxious Cares, nor searching Skill,
Can change, or move her Arbitrary Will.

'Tis from above that all our Actions flow,
To Partial Fate, what e're we bear, we owe;
To certain Roads all things confin'd we see,
And each Man's first day does his last decree:
Cease then your fruitless Sighs, your Vows, and
Tears,

The Gods are deaf to wretched Mortals Prayers,
Or Power, or Will, they want to ease our tor-
turing Cares.

Sooner shall *Priests* deserted Virtue love,
And sooner Princes modest Worth shall move,
Than Sighs and Pray'rs, the stubborn Pow'rs
above.

Tell me, vain *Biggots*, who e'er found Success,
In having more, or in suffering less;
By all your daily, and your nightly Cries,
Your Fasts, and Penance, and such idle Toys.

Then be no more by *holy Lyes* mislead,
Of airy Blifs, prepar'd to feast the *Dead*;
But use those few, those wretched Hours you have,
To please the SENSE, there's nought beyond
the Grave.

Fair *Cloris* then, lay Biggotry aside,
Take *Sense* and *Reason* for your surer Guide;
And quit not certain Joys, for Hopes above,
There's nothing there, as all Men grant, but *Love*:
Forefall those Joys then whilst you're here, and try
How sweet it is to love before you die.
You so on both sides will be sure to gain,
For after Life, if naught at all remain,
You won't have spent your precious Hours in vain.
But if from hence we pass to endless Love,
You'll be no Novice in the Joys above.

Then

Then give a Loose to Fancy, and Desire,
Let e'ry soft and Amorous Thought take Fire;
Commit thy Conduct to indulgent LOVE,
Ah! then, bright Nymph, (believe me) you will
 prove

What melting Raptures, and what ecstasie,
The God decrees you shall receive from me:
When all dissolv'd within thy clasping Arms,
Thou tast'st my vig'rous Love, I rifle all thy Charms!
Then both our ravish'd Souls, shall swiftly rise,
View and enjoy each other at our Eyes;
Till mounting Transports wing their mutual flight;
To leave us drown'd in streaming, warm delight;
Each *Phoenix* hour, thus in Love's Beams we'll burn
Which still shall loaden with fresh Joys return,
And rise more gay from's Aromatic Urn.

Thus we shou'd live, and thus to live were made;
Fate brings us Ills enough, without our Aid.

To his Departing Friend.

By a young Gentleman of Eighteen.

They say that Swans, as by the Streams they
lie,

Salute Approaching Fate with Melody ;

But if they lost a thing so dear as thee,

They sure wou'd spare that charming Obsequy :

If they but knew what 'tis to lose a Friend,

They sure wou'd choose then a more silent end.

The deepest Sorrow in deepest Silence gleams,

The hottest Fires have still the smallest flames :

Tho' noisic Grief, a Heart untouch'd declares,

Yet piercing Woe may flow in Sighs and Tears.

'T wou'd be unkind to see a Friend depart,

Without the Sighs of a forsaken Heart.

These

These num'rous Sighs, my pregnant Griefs produce,
Without the help of my ungodly Muse:
What Sorrow dictates, like a Friend receive,
Share you the Sorrow, which with me you leave,
'Tis this is Friendships sad Prerogative.

On Cleona, walking in the Sun.

By the same.

SEE where the walks in the Sun's glowing Ray,
Casting all round more bright, more beamy
Day!

See how the blushing God in haste retires,
And in a sullen Cloud hides all his vanquish'd Fires!
What Beauty did his flying *Daphne* grace,
That shines not brighter in her lovely Face?
Why then pursues he not this nobler Chace?

What better Object can his Wishes move?
'Tis sure his wild Ambition checks his Love:
Jealous of Empire he her Love declines,
He sees below how bright her Beauty shines;
And fears if once exalted to the Skies,
She'd rob him of his Eastern Sacrifice;
Make the mad World his fainter Pow'r disown;
And pay their juster Homage at her Throne.
For his weak Beams alternately still set,
And wrap the sad forsaken World in Jett.
Whilest the strong Glories of *Cleona's* Eyes,
Nor dimly set, nor need a brighter Rise.
These still dart forth their full Meridian Light
(Without one Cloud, without successive Night)
To all those happy Zealots, who embrace
The soft Religion of her Heav'nly Face;
Whilst grosser Infidels, depriv'd of Sense,
Want all the num'rous Joys her Charms dispense.

From

From the black Caverns of eternal Night,
When Clouds of rising gloom oppress'd the Light:
Thus *Israel* still enjoy'd the chearful Day,
And only *Ægypt*'s native Sons in solid Darkness lay.

*Written on a Letter, sent to his
Mistress.*

GO, envy'd Lines, possess a Bliss far higher
Than I, who send you, dare, alas! aspire:
You'll kiss her balmy Hands, employ her Eyes,
For which your fond Endieter hourly dies.
Prepost'rous Fate, to cast *such* Gifts away
On those, who cannot taste her bounteous Joy,
Whilst I, who shou'd the mighty Blessing prize,
Languish to touch her Hands, and gaze upon her
Eyes.

TO CUPID.

A S O N G.

I Know thy Malice, trifling Boy,
Thou wou'd'st my Happiness destroy,
Because *Septimius* wounded lies,
Not by thy Darts, but *Acme's* Eyes.
Shake not at me thy threatening Dart,
But wound the cruel *Acme's* Heart :
But oh ! I fear thy Deity will prove
Too weak to thaw that Icy Maid to Love.

In

In Praise of Satyr.

WHilst *Saturn* reign'd with his old Golden
Face,

An easie Bliss he spread o'er all our Race.

No Priest, no King, no State, no Partial Law,

Curb'd Vice and Folly with unequal Awe;

But with Success, unclouded Reason strove

To unite all within the Bonds of Love,

And universal Happiness, combin'd

To fix its safe Dominion o'er Mankind.

Then Gods and Men, beneath th'innocuous
Shades,

With harmless Flocks, and yet as harmless Maids;

From impious Guilt secure, together lay,

While Love and rural Notes, bless'd all the live-
long Day.

But

But when young *Jove* usurp'd the Heav'nly
Crown,

And sent the pious *Saturn* whirling down,
This universal Consort soon gave o'er,
And Reason's Harmony was heard no more.
Swift fled the broken Joys o'th' Silver Age,
Swifter their sad Remains of the next Stage;
Till all born down with the Impetuous Tide
Of Lust and Envy, Avarice and Pride,
And Follies vast, and numerous beside,
Wisdom in vain, with the Auxiliary Law,
Unite their force to stop the mighty flaw:
The various Law, and Wisdom's surer Rules,
Are brav'd by thriving Knaves, and powerful Fools.
Riches and Pow'r give Innocence, and Brains,
And only little Crimes the Actor stain,
Whilst taller Villainies securely reign,

From

From *Satyr* only cou'd we hope redress ;
From that alone derive our Happiness :
All other Helps to prosp'rous Crimes give way,
To Golden Hopes a flatt'ring Homage pay :
Impartial *Satyr* Truth alone can sway :
For Rogues, whose Wealth or Pow'r out-brave
the Law,
By juster *Satyrists* are kept in awe ;
A purple Villain in his safest hold,
Tho' barricado'd round with mighty Gold,
Can't guard his Crimes from this consuming Flame,
Nor yet secure, from Infamy, his blasted Name.
Satyr, like Bolts from the great Thunderer sent,
Strikes Rogues above all other Punishment.

*A Letter to Walter Moyle, Esq;**By A. H. Esq;*

Dear *Moyle*, blest'd Youth, whose forward
Wit pursues

The noble Pleasures, Reason bids thee choose:

Reason, which ruling by the Laws of Sense,

Does a just easie Government dispense;

Quitting those Laws, turns Tyrant, wildly reigns,

By reveal'd projects of distemper'd Brains.

Dear *Moyle*, what shall I fancies now employs

Thy time? What prudent, what well-chosen Joys?

Dost thou with speed the flying Fair pursue?

Beauty leads on, and Pleasure is in view;

Oh! boldly follow, she's reserv'd for you.

Retiring Modesty, and Triumphant Love,

In her warm Breast, a doubtful Combat move:

She

She yields, she yields, I see the blushing Maid
 Storm'd from without by you, within betray'd;
 By her own Heart, no longer can hold out,
 The Victor enters now the long maintain'd Redoubt.
 Or to this Joy do choicest Books succeed;
 Which you with Judgment choose, with Judgment
 read;

Searching the ancient Stores of *Greece* and *Rome*,
 And bring from thence their useful Treasures home.
 Or does some honest, some delightful Friend;
 With easie Conversation, recommend
 The sparkling Wine, while Wit and Mirth attend:
CONGREVE, the matchless rising Son of Fame,
 Whom all Men envy, tho' they dare not blame:
HOPKINS, whose Mind and Muse, both without
 Art,

Gives him a well-fixt Title in your Heart.

DUNKAN, whose Wit and Reason each man loves,
Charms us like Beauty, and like Books improves.
ERTON, whom Vice becomes, of Vigour full,
Foe to the *Godly*, Covetous, and Dull.
Thus while in Town so early you possess,
Whatever perfects Life and Happiness;
And in their turns do all the Pleasures know;
Which Learning, Beauty, Friendship can bestow;
In this Retreat, I'm pleas'd in following you
In a wild Maze of Thoughts; and so, dear Friend,
adieu.

A S O N G.

By C. H. Esq;

I.

IN all the dismal Rage of War,
Undaunted and unmov'd I stood,
I march'd insensible of Fear,
Thro' Storms of Fire, and Show'rs of Blood.

I I.

Amidst the Dangers of the Field,
Defensive Arms can Aid afford;
Fate finds resistance from the Shield,
And Foes are conquer'd by the Sword.

I I I.

Here I am left without a Guard,
Helpless as naked *Indians*, slain;
And fear to seize the least Reward,
In lieu of all my mighty pain,

IV.

I V.

I dare not snatch the smallest Bliss,

Such is the awful Love that charms me ;

Shou'd I presume to force a Kiss,

One angry Glance from her disarms me.

A S O N G.

By the same.

I.

W Hile others, with the taste of Bliss,
The Faith of Loyal Slaves approve;
And oft engage 'em with a Kifs,
You more unkindly starve my Love.

I I.

Soldiers oppress'd with too much Toil,
Halt often ere the Battle's done,
Till having partly shar'd the Spoil,
They spur with fiercer Courage on.

I I I.

Thus *Israel's* Host began to faint,
In marching o'er the Desert Sand;
Their Vigour and their Patience spent,
Ere yet they reach'd the promis'd Land.

E

I V.

I V.

But when they saw in Show'rs of Rain
The wondr'ous Food profusely given,
Encourag'd to renew their pain,
They Journey'd on to purchase Heav'n.

A

*A Translation out of the Priapeia.**The Complaint of Priapus for being Veil'd.*

By C. B. Esq;

TH' Almighty's Image of his Shape afraid,
 And hide the noblest Part e'er Nature
 made,

Which God alone succeeds in his creating Trade!

The Fall, this *Fig-leav'd* Modesty began,

To punish Woman by obscuring Man :

Before where-e'er his stately Cedar mov'd,

She saw, ador'd, and kiss'd the thing she lov'd.

Why do the Gods their several Signs disclose :

Almighty *Jove* his Thunderbolt expose :

Neptune his Trident, *Mars* his Buckler shew,

Pallas her Spear, to each Beholder's View ;

And poor *Priapus* be alone confin'd,
T'obscure the Women's God, and Parent of Man-
kind?

Since free-born Brutes their Liberty obtain ;
Long hast thou * Journey-work'd for Souls* *Anima ex*
in vain. *Traduce.*

Storm the *Pantheon*, and demand thy Right,
For on this Weapon 'tis depends the Fight.

Raw-

Rawleigh's Ghost in Darkness: Or
Truth cover'd with a Veil.

By Andrew Marvel, Esq;

Britannia.

AH Rawleigh! when thou didst thy Breath
resign

To Trembling James, wou'd I had yielded mine,
Cubs didst thou call 'em? Hadst thou seen this
Brood

Of Earls, of Dukes, of Princes of the Blood;
No more of Scottish Race thou wouldst complain:
Those would be Blessings in this spurious Train.
Awake, arise from thy long bless'd Repose,
Once more with me partake of mortal Woes.

Rawleigh.

What mighty Power hath forc'd me from my rest?
Ah! mighty Queen, why so unseemly drest?

Britannia.

Favoured by Night, conceal'd in this Disguise,
Whilst the lewd Court in drunken slumbers lies,
I stole away, and never will return,
Till *England* knows who did her City burn;
Till *Cavaliers* such Favourers be deem'd,
And Loyal Sufferers by the Court esteem'd;
Till Commons Votes cut Noses, Guards disband,
Till *Atheist* L— shall leave this Land;
Till K— a happy Mother shall become,
Till *Charles* love Parliaments, and *James* hate

Rome.

Rawleigh.

What fatal Crimes make you for ever flee
Your own Land, Court, and Progeny?

Britannia.

Britannia.

A Colony of *French* possess the Court,
Pimps, Priests, Buffoons, the Privy-Chambers sport.
Such slimy Monsters ne'er approach'd the Throne,
Since *Pharaoh's* Reign, nor so defil'd a Crown:
Ere sacred Ears Tyrannic Arts they croak,
Pervert his Mind, and good Intentions choak;
Tell him of Golden *Indies*, Fairy Lands,
Leviathans, and absolute Commands.
Thus Fairy like, the King they steal away,
And in his place a *Lewis* Changeling lay.
How oft would I've him to himself restor'd;
In's Left the Seal, in's Right Hand plac'd the
Sword?
Taught him their use, what Danger would ensue
To those that try to separate these two?

The Bloody *Scotish* Chronicles turn'd o'er,
 Shew him how many Kings in purple Gore
 Were hurl'd to Hell by learning Tyrant's Lore.

The other day, fam'd *Spencer* I did bring
 In lofty Notes, *Tudor's* blest'd Reign to sing.

How *Spain's* proud Power her Virgin Arms controul'd,

And Golden Days in peaceful Order rowl'd!

How like ripe Fruit she drop'd from off the Throne,
 Full of grey Hairs, good Deeds, and great Renown!

So the *Jessean* Hero did appease

Saul's stormy Rage, and check'd his Black Disease;

So the learn'd Bard, with artful Song repress'd

The swelling passions of his Canker'd Breast:

Then to confirm the Cure so well begun,

To him I threw this glorious setting Sun;

How

How by the Peoples Love, pursu'd from far,
Set mounted on a bright **Triumphant Carr**,
Out-shining *Virgo*, or the *Julian Star*.

Whilst in **Truth's** Mirrour the glad Sun I spy'd,
Entred a Dame, bedeck'd with spotted Pride;
Four *Flower-de-Luces* in an *Azure* Field,
Her Crest doth bear the ancient *Gallisk* Shield;
By her usurp'd, she brought a bloody Sword,
Inscrib'd *LEVIATHAN*, the *Sovereign Lord*;
Her Tow'ry Front a fiery Metcor bears,
From Exhalations, bred of Blood and Tears;
Around her, fierce ravenous Curs complain;
Plague, Death, Slavery, fill her pompous train;
From th' easie King she **Truths** fair mirror took,
Upon the Ground in spightful rage it broke,
And frowning thus with proud disdain she spoke.
Are Thred-bare Vertues Ornaments for Kings?
Such poor Pedantic Toys teach Underlings.

Do Monarchs rise by Virtue, or the Sword?
Who e'er grew great by keeping of his word?
Vertue, a *faint Green-Sickness* to brave Souls,
Dastards their Hearts, their active Hands controuls.
Their Rival Gods, Monarchs of th'other World,
This mortal Poyson amongst Princes hurl'd;
Fearing the mighty projects of the Great,
Shou'd drive them from their proud Celestial seat,
If not o'er-aw'd by some new holy cheat.
These pious Frauds too flight t' enslave the Brave,
Are proper Arts the long-ear'd Rout t' enslave.
Bribe hungry Priests to deifie your Might,
To teach your *Will* the only rule of Right,
And sound Damnation to those 'dare deny't.
The Heavens design 'gainst Heaven you should turn,
Then they will fear those Powers they once did
scorn;

When

When all the nobler Int'rest in Mankind,
By Hirelings sold to you, shall be resign'd,
And by Impostures God and Man betray'd,
The Church and State you safely may invade :
So boundless *Lewis* in full Glory shines,
Whilst your starv'd Power in legal Fetters pines.
Shake off those Baby-bands from your strong Arms,
Henceforth be deaf to the old Witches Charms.
Tast the Delicious *Sweets* of *SOVERAIGN POWER*;
'Tis *Royal Game* whole Kingdoms to devour.
Three spotless Virgins to your Bed I'll bring,
A Sacrifice to you, their *God* and *King* :
As these grow stale, we'll harasse humane Kind,
Rack Nature till new Pleasures she shall find,
Strong as your Raign, & beauteous as your Mind. }
When she had spoke, a confus'd murmur rose
Of *French*, *Scotch*, *Irish*, all my mortal Foes ;

Some *English* too disguis'd (with shame) I spy'd,
Brought up by that vile Son-in-Law of *H*—— :
With fury drunk, like *Bachanals* they roar,
Down with Magna Charta, that common Whore.
With joynt consent on helpless me they flew,
And from my *Charles* to a base Goal me drew ;
My reverend Age, expos'd to Scorn and Shame,
To Boys and Bawds they made me publick Game.
Frequent Addresses to my *Charles* I send,
And my sad Fate unto his care command ;
But his great Soul transform'd by the *French* Dame,
Had lost all Sense of Honour, Justice, Fame,
And like tam'd *Spinster* in *Seraglio* sits,
Besieg'd by Whores, Buffoons and Bastard Chits,
Lull'd in security rowling in his Lust,
Resigns his Crown to Angel *Querouels* trust.
Mask'd *Fames*, the *Irish* Pagods doth adore,
His Cheiftaine Teague commands on Sea and Shoar.

Thus

Thus the State's night-mar'd by this Hellish Rout,
And none are left, these Furies to cast out.
Oh! *Vindex* come, and purge this poyson'd State,
Descend, descend, e're the Cure grow desperate.

Rawleigh.

Once more, Great Queen, thy Darling strive to save,
Snatch him again from Scandal, and the Grave;
Present to's Thoughts his long-scorn'd Parliament,
The Basis of his Throne and Government;
In his deaf Ears sound his dead Father's Name,
Perhaps that Spell may's erring Soul reclaim:
Who knows what good Effects from thence may
spring?

'Tis Godlike Good to save a falling King.

Britannia.

Rawleigh, no more, so long in vain I've try'd,
The s— from the Tyrant to divide:

As

As easily learned *Virtuoso's* may,
With Dog's Blood, his gentle Kind convey
Into the Wolf, and make him Guardian turn
To the Bleating Flock, by him so lately torn:
If this Imperial Isle once taint the Blood,
It's by no powerful Antidote withstood;
Tyrants, like Leprous Kings, for public weal,
Must be immur'd, least their Contagion steal
Over the whole those left of *Jesse's* Line.
To this firm Law their Scepter did resign.
Shall then this base Tyrannic Brood evade,
Eternal Laws by God and Mankind made?
To the Serene *Venetian* State I'll go,
From her sage Mouth fam'd Principles to know;
With her I Will the Antients wisdom read,
And teach my People in their steps to tread:
By this grand Pattern such a State I'll frame,
Shall darken Story, and ingross lov'd Fame;

Till then my *Rawleigh*, teach our noble Youth
To love Sobriety, and holy Truth;
Watch and preside thou o'er their tender age,
Lest Court Corruptions should their Souls engage:
Tell them how Arts and Arms in thy young days
Employ'd the Youth, nor Tavern, Stews and Plays;
Tell them the generous Scorn they ought to owe
To Flattery, Pimping, and a gaudy Show;
Teach them to scorn a mean, tho' Lordly Name
Procur'd by Lust, by Treachery and Shame;
Make them admire the *Sidneys*, *Talbots*, *Veres*,
Drakes, *Cavendish*, *Baker*, Men void of slavish Fears.
True Sons of Glory, Pillars of the State,
On whose fam'd Deeds, all Tongues, all Writers
wait.

When with fresh Ardour their brave Breasts do burn,
Back to my dearest Country I'll return;

Tarquin's just judge, and *Cæsar's* equal Peers,
With me I'll bring to dry my Peoples Tears.
Publicola, with healing Wings shall pour
Balms in their wounds, and fleeting Life restore:
Greek Arts, and Roman Arms, in her conjoyn'd,
Shall *England* raise, relieve oppress'd Mankind;
So days bright Sun th' infected Globe did free
From noxious Monster, Hell-born Tyranny
So shall my *England* in a holy War,
In Triumph lead, chain'd Tyrants from afar;
Her true Crusado's shall at last pull down
The *Turkish* Cressant, and the *Persian* Crown;
Freed by thy Labours, fortunate blest'd Isle,
The Earth shall rest, the Heaven shall on us smile,
And this kind secret for Reward shall give,
No Poysonous Monarch on thy Earth shall live.

The Loyal SCOT, by Cleve-
land's Ghost.

Being a Recantation of his former Satyr :
Intituled, *The Rebel Scot.*

By Andrew Marvel, Esq;

OF the old Heroes, when the Warlike Shades
Saw *Douglas* marching thro' the *Elysian*
Glades,

They straight consulting gather'd in a Ring;
Which of their Poets should his Welcome sing :
And as a favourable Penance, chose
Cleveland, on whom they would that Task impose:
He understands, but willingly addrest
His ready Muse to court their welcome Guest:

Much had he cur'd the tumor of his Vein :
He judg'd more clearly now, and saw more plain :
For those soft Airs had temper'd every Thought,
And of wise *Lethe* he had took a Draught.
Abruptly he began, disguising Art,
As of his *Satyr* this had been a Part.

Not so, brave *Douglas*, on whose lovely Chin,
The early down but newly does begin ;
And modest Beauty yet his Sex did veil,
While envious Virgins hope he is a Male.
His shady Locks turn back themselves to seek,
Nor other Courtship know but to his Cheek :
Oft as he in Chill *Eske*, or *Sien* by Night,
Heard'ned with cold those Limbs, so soft, so white,
Amongst the Reeds, to be espy'd by him,
The Nymphs would rustle, he would forward
swim ;

They

They sigh'd, and said, Fond Boy, why so untame,
That fly'st Love's Fire, reserv'd for other Flame?

First, on his Ship he fac'd that horrid Day,
And wondred much at those that ran away;
Nor other Fear himself could comprehend,
Than lest Heav'n fall ere thither he ascend,
But entertains the while his time so short,
With birding at the *Dutch*, as if in Sport;
Or waves his Sword, and could he them conjure
Within its Circle, knows himself secure.

The fatal Barque him Boards, with grappling Fire,
And safely thro' the Port the *Dutch* retire;
That precious Life he yet disdains to save,
Or with known Art to try the gentle Wave:
Much him the Honours of his ancient Race
Inspire, nor would he his own Deeds deface;

And secret Joy in his calm Soul doth rise,
That *Monk* looks on to see how *Douglas* dies.

Like a glad Lover, the fierce Flame he meets,
And tries his first Embraces in their Sheets:
His Shape exact, which the bright Flames infold,
Like the Sun's Statue stands of burnish'd Gold.
Round the Transparent Fire about him glows,
As the clear Amber on the Bee does close;
And as on Angels Heads their Glories shine,
His burning Locks adorn his Face divine.

But when on his Immortal Mind he felt
His alt'ring form, and fold'ed Limbs to melt;
Down on the Deck he laid himself, and dy'd
With his dear Sword reposing by his side,
And on the flaming Plank he rests his Head,
Like one that hugs himself in his warm Bed;

The

The Ship burns down, and with his Reliques
sinks,
And the sad Stream beneath his Ashes drinks.

Fortunate Boy, if e'er my Verse may claim
That matchless Grace, to propagate thy Name;
When *Oeta* and *Alcides* are forgot,
Our *English* Youth shall sing the valiant *Scot*.

Shall not a Death, so generous, now when told,
Unite our Difference, fill the Breaches old;
Such in the *Roman Forum*, *Curtius* brave,
Gallop'd down, clos'd up the gaping Cave.
No more discourse of *Scotch* and *English* Race,
Nor chant the fabulous hunt of *Chevy-Chase*;
Mixt in *Corinthian* Metal by thy noble Flame,
Our factions melting thy *Colossus* frame.

Prick down the point, whoever hath the art,
 Where Nature, *Scotland* doth from *England* part:
 Anatomists may sooner fix the Cells,
 Where Life resides, or Understanding dwells.
 Yet this we know, tho' that exceeds our skill,
 That whosoever separates them, does ill.
 Will you the *Tweed*, that sudden Bounder call,
 Of Soyle, of Wit, of Manners, and of all?
 Why draw we not as well the thrifty Line
 From *Thames*, *Trent*, *Humber*, or at least the *Tyne*?
 So may we the State Corpulence redress,
 And little *England*, when we please, make less.

What *Esbick* River is this wondrous *Tweed*,
 Whose one side Vertue, t' other Vice doth breed?
 Or what new Perpendicular does rise
 Up from the Stream, continued to the Skies;

That

That between us the common Air should part,
 And split the Influence of ev'ry Star?
 But who considers right, will find indeed,
 'Tis *Holy Island* parts us, not the *Tweed*.
 Tho' Kingdoms joyn, yet *Church* will *Kirk* oppose;
 The *Mitres* still divide, the *Crown* does close.

As in *Rogation Week* they whip us round,
 To keep in mind the *Scotch* and *English* bound.
 The World in all does but two *Nations* bear;
 The *Good*, the *Bad*, and those mixt ev'ry where:
 Under each *Pole*, place either of the two,
 The *Bad* will basely, *Good* will bravely do;
 And few indeed can parallel our *Climes*,
 For *Works Heroick*, or *Heroick Crimes*.
 The Tryal would however be too nice,
 Which stronger were, a *Scotch* or *English Vice*;

Or whether the same Vertue wou'd reflect
From *Scotch* or *English* Heart the same effect.

NATION is all but Name, a *Shibboleth*,
Where a mistaken Accent causes Death :
In *Paradise*, Names onely Nature show'd ;
At *Babel*, Names from Pride and Discord flow'd ;
And ever since, Men with a *Female* spight,
First call each other Names, and then they fight.
Scotland and *England* cause of just uproar ?
Do Man and Wife signify *Rogue* and *Whore* ?
Say but a *Scot*, and straight they fall to sides,
That syllable like a *Pill's* wall divides.

Rational Mens words Pledges are of Peace,
Perverted, serve dissension to increase :
For shame extirpate from each worthy Breast,
That senseless Rancour against Interest.

One King, one Faith, one Language, and one Isle;
England and *Scotland*, all but Cross and Pile :
CHARLES, our great Soul, this only understands,
He our Affections both, and Will commands;
He, where Twin-Sympathies cannot atone,
Knows the last Secret how to make us one.

Just so the prudent Husband-man, that sees
The idle Tumult of his factious Bees;
The Morning Dews, and Flowers neglected grown,
The Hive a Comb-ease, ev'ry Bee a Drone;
Covers them o'er, till none discern his Foes,
And all themselves in Meal and Friendship lose;
The *Insect Kingdom* straight begins to thrive,
And each work Honey for the common Hive.

Pardon, young *Hero*, this my long Transport;
Thy Death more nobly did the same exhort;

My

My former *Satyr* for this Verse forget;
My fault against my Recantation set:
I singly did against a Nation write;
Against a Nation thou didst singly fight:
My differing Crime does more thy Vertue raise,
And such my Rashness best thy Valour praise.

Here *Douglas* smiling said, he did intend,
After such Frankness shown, to be his Friend;
Forewarn'd him therefore, least in time he were
Metempsychos'd into some *Scotch* Presbyter.

To

To the Memory of the most Illu-
strious Prince **GEORGE**,
Duke of Buckingham.

WHEN the Dread Summons of commanding
Fate
Sounds the last Call at some proud Palace Gate;
When both the Rich, the Fair, the Great, and High,
Fortune's most darling Favourites must die,
Straight at the Alarm the busie Heralds wait,
To fill the solemn Pomp, and mourn in State.
Scutcheons and Sables then make up the show,
Whilst on the Hearse the mourning Streamers }
flow, }
With all the Rich Magnificence of Woe.
If Common Greatness these just Rites can claim,
What nobler Train must wait on *Buckingham*!

When

When so much wit, Wit's great Reformer dies;
The very Muses at thy Obsequies,
(The Muses, that Melodious cheerful Quire,
Whom Misery cou'd ne'er untune, nor tire;
But chirp in Rags, and even in Dungeons sing,)
Now with their broken Notes, and flagging wing,
To thy sad Dirge their murm'ring Complaints shall
bring.

Wit, and Wit's God, for *Buckingham* shall mourn,
And his lov'd Lawrel into Cypress turn.

Nor shall the nine sad Sisters only keep
This mourning day; even Time himself shall weep,
And in new Brine his Hoary Furrows steep.
Time, that so much must thy great Debter be,
As to have borrow'd even new Life from thee;
Whilst thy gay Wit has made his sullen Glass,
And tedious Hours with new-born Raptures pass.

What

What tho' black Envy with her Ranc'rous Tongue,
And Angry Poets in imbitter'd Song,
(Whilst to new Tracks, thy boundless Soul aspires,)
Charge thee with roving Change, and wand'ring
Fires.

'Twas byas'd Anger did thy Verrue wrong,
Thy Wit a Torrent for the Banks too strong;
In twenty smaller Rills o'er-flow'd the Dam;
Tho' the main Channel still was *Buckingham*.

Let Care the busie States-man overwhelm,
Tugging at th' Oar, or Drudging at the Helm;
With labouring Pain so half-soul'd Pilots plod;
Great *Buckingham* a sprighelier Measure trod,
When o'er the mounting waves the Vessel rode:
Unshock'd by Toyls, by Tempests undismay'd,
Steer'd the great Bark, and as that danc'd he play'd.

Not Bounds thy Praise to *Albion's* narrow Coast,
 Thy Gallantry shall foreign Nations boast;
 The Gallick Shoar, with all the Trumps of Fame,
 To endless Ages shall resound thy Name,
 When *Buckingham*, Great *CHARLES* Ambassador,
 With such a Port the Royal Image bore;
 So near the Life th'Imperial Copy drew,
 As even the Mighey *Louis* could not view
 With wonder only, but with Envy too:
 His very *Fleur de Lys* es fainting Light,
 Half Droop'd to see the *English Rose* so bright.

Let Groveling Minds of Nature's basest Mould,
 Hug and adore their dearest Idol Gold.
 Thy nobler Soul did the weak Charms despise,
 Disdain'd the Earthy Dross to mount more high,
 Whilst humbler Merit on Court Smiles depends,
 For the gilt show'r, in which their *Fove* descends;

Thou

Thou mount'st to Honour for a braver end;
What others borrow, thou can'st there to lend;
Did'st sacred Vertues naked self adore,
And left'st her Portion for her sordid Woer;
The poorer Miser, how dost thou outshine,
He the World's Slave, but thou hast made it thine
Great *Buckingham's* Exalted Character,
That in the Prince liv'd the Philosopher.
Thus all the Wealth thy generous Hand has spent,
Shall raise thy Everlasting Monument:
So the fam'd *Phoenix* builds her dying Nest,
Of all the richest Spices of the East:
Then the heap'd Mass, prepar'd for a kind Ray,
Some warmer Beam of the great God of day,
Does in one hallow'd Conflagration burn,
A precious Incense to her Funeral Urn.
So thy bright Blaze felt the same Funeral Doom,
A Wealthier Pile than old *Mausolus* Tomb.

Onely too great, too proud to imitate,
The poorer *Phoenix* more ignoble Fate :
Thy Matchless Worth all Successors defies,
'And scorn'd an Heir should from thy Ashes rise ;
Begins, and finishes that Glorious Sphear,
Too mighty for a second Charioteer.

The

The two ways Regulus the Roman
was put to Death by the Cartha-
ginians.

When the bold *Carthaginian*
Fought with *Rome* for Dominion;
Little *Reg* was ta'ne in the Quarrel;
They led him up Hill,
And sore 'gainst his Will,
They tumbled him down in a Barrel:

The other way.

When the bold *Carthaginian*
Fought with *Rome* for Dominion;
Little *Reg* was ta'ne in the strife;
When his Eye-lids they par'd,
Good Lord how he star'd!
And could not go to sleep for his Life.

*Cælia's Welcome into the Country
from the Hurry of the Town.*

Welcome, fair *Calia*, to this calmer Cell,
Where, now thou'rt here, ten thousand
Graces dwell.

Thus *Jove* once came into th' *Arcadian* Plain,
And lodg'd his Godhead with an humble Swain.
Thus came bright *Venus* to *Anchises* Bed,
And thus from busie Heav'n to her *Adonis* fled;
Amidst the smiling Lawns, and silent Groves,
To feast with undisturb'd Delight, the happy Youth
she loves.

Thus you, dear Maid, to my poor Cell repair;
So like the Gods, in all you do, you are.
Oh! that our Bodies cou'd more close unite,
Than those of *Salmacis* and *Aphrodite*!

No more then shou'd I sigh, no more complain;
No more in absence be consum'd with Pain :
Believe me, *Calia*, all the time you're gone,
My anxious Days, and sleepless Nights, make one
contin'd Moan :

For as a Turtle that has lost its Mate
In murmuring Coo's condemns its cruel Fate ;
Pensive I wander thro' the conscious Grove,
To find the Truant Fugitive, my Love ;
But when my fond pursuit is fruitless made,
My mournful Sighs, fill all the lonely Shade:
Thy *Presence* all my bootless Sighs destroys;
And blest with thee, I hope no vaster Joys.
No, give *Calia*, give me all thy Heart,
Full of those mighty Raptures you impart :
When I lie panting on thy throbbing Breast,
And let the fond *Enthusiast* freely take the rest.

De Cælia & Cupidine.

Vidit Amor dominam; stupuit, cecidère sagittæ;

Armavit sese Cælia, fugit amor.

English'd thus :

Love *Cælia* saw, and down his Arrows threw,
She arm'd her self, th'astonish'd God withdrew.

Mentule verba ad Dominam.

Hei mihi! quam variis dstringor, Lesbia, Fatis?

Urer, & à nostro manat ab igne Liquor.

Sum Nilus, sumq; Ætna simul; restringite Flammas;

O Lachrymæ, aut Lachrymas ebibe, flamma, meas.

A Familiar Dialogue betwixt Strephon and Sylvia.

By the late Lord Rochester.

STREPHON.

SYLVIA ne'er despise my Love,
For COLON's mightier Dart,
My Force and Vigour you shall prove,
Will reach your panting Heart.
To Fools such Monsters Nature sends,
For want of Brains, a dull amends.

SYLVIA.

Content your self with what's your due;
Him you excell in Wit 'tis true,
But COLON has his Merits too.

Wit is but Words, and Words but Wind,
That dallies with a wanton Mind;
As Zephyr's gentle Breezes play,
With my extended Limbs in May:
But you methinks, sweet Sir, shou'd know,
'Tis *Substance* that prevails below.

To each then his just dole I'll give,
With you I'll talk, with him I'll—
Your Wit shall raise my strong Desires,
And he shall quench their raging Fires.
Thus both your Merits I'll unite,
You shall my Ear, her please my Appetite.

STREPHON.

This said, with speed the cursed Bitch retir'd,
And left me with just Indignation fir'd;
But taught in Woman's prostituted Schools,
That Men of Wit, but Pimp for ——— Fools.

Against, and for Life.

Aut non nasci, aut quam citissime mori.

—'Tis my Birth-day, and I'll keep it,
With double pomp of Sadness.

Beneath the mournful Yew, oppress'd with
Grief,

Sylvanus thus deplor'd the Woes of Life.

Oh *Life*! thou Ill, that all our Sorrows braves,
Thou Carnaval of Fools, thou Mart of Knaves!
Oh *Life*! thou pedling Shop of wretched Toys,
Tedious thy Pains, but swift are all thy Joys.

(For so Men call the Intervals of Woe)

We hope thy Pleasures, but thy Pains we know.
Thou Sovereign Ill, which fond Opinion guards
With endless Torrares, and as long Rewards;

VIRTUE was form'd by Hypochondriac Brains,
 To patch thy *tatter'd Ease*, and sooth thy raging
 Pains;

But like ill Med'cines by worse Quacks apply'd,
 It but inflam'd, and made the Wounds more wide.
 Th'imposing *Cinic Virtue* vainly strove,
 From smooth to rugged Paths, to make us move:
 Few Profelytes it had, yet made those Slaves
 To rich imperious Fools, and sordid thriving Knaves.
 'Till by opposing still the common Stream,
 It lost its substance, and now's only Name.

Next *GRACE* advanc'd, and with an Air divine,
 Resolv'd corrupted Nature to refine;
 Whate'er it was in its robust Age,
 It does but weakly now its Foes engage.
GRACE faintly strives against our wild Desires,
NATURE thrusts on amain, and routed *Grace* retires.

When:

When'er they meet *This* still to that gives place,
 So strong is NATURE, and so weak is GRACE;
 The only Good in this alone does lie,
 Not to be born, or soon as born to die.

Strephon the Gay, who heard his Friend complain,
 Advanc'd, and thus essay'd to ease his Pain:

For an Ill we can't help, 'tis a Madness to

grieve,

And if Life's an Ill, but a span 'tis we live;
 Then prithee, fond Shepherd, no more of this Sor-

row,

Let's leave these sad Shades, and to London to
 morrow;

Where we'll drown this prepost'rous whimsey of
 Thinking,

In laughing and play in Love, and good drinking.

If *Cynthia* prove coy, let her pine for her folly;
 We'll laugh at her Pride, and defie Melancholy;
 Since for the dull Chink, honest C—l or B—n,
 With Nymphs fair as she, and more loving, can fit

one;
 Nymphs brighter than Gold, more sparkling than
 Wine,

Whom their Trade, and their Form for Pleasure de-
 sign.

If Life be an Ill, good Faith, never spare it,
 Give its Nights to soft Love, and its Days to brisk
 Claret,

On

On FORTUNE.

By the Duke of Buckingham.

Fortune made up of Toys, and Impudence;
That common Jade, that has not common
Sense;

But fond of Business, insolently dares
Pretend to rule, yet spoils the World's Affairs.

She flitting up and down, her Favours throws
On the next met, not minding what she does,
Nor why, nor whom she helps, or injures knows,
Sometimes she Smiles, then like a Fury raves,
And seldom truly loves but Fools and Knaves:

Let her love whom she please, I scorn to wooe her.
While she stays with me, I'll be civil to her;
But if she offers once to move her Wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain Gewgaw things;

And

And Arm'd with Virtue will more Glorious stand,
Than if the Bitch still bent at my Command:

I'll marry Honesty, tho' ne'er so poor,
Rather than follow such a dull blind Whore.

On a Lewd Scotch Parson.

By Mr. Dennis.

A Canting Ser in thy vile Sermons preaches,
By thy lewd Life the Devil his Doctrine
teaches;
Thy Flock is damn'd; for what confounded Sor
Will not believe the Devil before the Ser

The

*The Enjoyment.**By the Marquess of M.*

Since now my *Sylvia* is as kind as fair,
Let Wit and Joy succeed my dull Despair.
Oh! what a Night of Pleasure was the last!
A large Reward for all my Torments past;
And on my Head, if future Mischiefs fall,
This happy Night shall make amends for all.
Twelve was the happy Minute that we met,
And on her Bed were close together set;
Tho' list'ning Spies might be perhaps too near,
Love fill'd our Hearts, there was no room for Fear.
Now whilst I strove her melting Heart to move,
With all the powerful Eloquence of Love,
In her fair Face I saw the Colour rise,
And an unusual softness in her Eyes;

Gently

Gently they look, and I with Joy, adore
That only Charm they never had before.

The Wounds they gave her Tongue was wont
to heal,

But now these gentle Enemies reveal
A Secret, which that Friend would fain conceal.

What she forbids, Love does by Signs command,
Languishing Looks, and pressing close my Hand,
And I her Cypher quickly understand.

My Eyes transported too with Amorous rage,
Seem'd fierce with Expectation to engage

But fast she holds her Hands, and close her Thighs;

And what she longs to do, with frowns denies.

A strange Effect on foolish Woman wrought;

Bred in *Disguises*, and by *Custom* taught.

Custom, that all the World to Slavery brings;

The dull Excuse for doing silly things.

Custom;

Custom, which Wisdom sometimes over-rules,
But serves instead of *Reason* to the Fools;
So *Sylvia* by the Method of her Sex,
Is forc'd a while her self and me to vex.
But now, when thus we have been struggling long,
My Strength grows weak, and her Desire grows
strong.
How can she chuse but let the Conqueror in;
He strives without, and Love betrays within.
Her Hands, at last, to hide her Blushes, leave
The Fort unguarded, ready to receive
My fierce Assaults, made with a Lover's hast,
Like Lightning piercing, and as quickly past.
Thus does fond Nature with her Children play;
First shews us Joy, then snatches it away.
'Tis not excess of Pleasure makes it short,
The pain of Love's as raging as the sport;

And

And yet alas! that lasts, we sigh all night,
With Grief, but scarce one Minute with Delight:
Some little pain might check her kind desire,
But not enough to make her once retire.
Maid's Wounds for Pleasure bear, as Men for praise,
Here Honour heals, there Love their smart allays!
The World (if just) would harmful Courage blame,
And this more innocent Reward with Fame.
When she reflects upon her conquered Womb,
So many Terrors past, and Joys to come,
Whose Harbingers did roughly all remove,
To make great room for great Luxurious Love,
Pleas'd with the mighty Guest her Arms embrace
My Body, and her Hands a better place;
Which with one touch, so pleas'd, and proud does
grow,
It swells beyond the Grasp that makes it so;

Confinement scorns in any straiter Walls,
Than those of Love, where it contented falls;
Tho' twice overthrown, he more inflam'd does rise,
And will to the last Drop fight out the Prize:
She like some Amazon in Story proves,
That overcomes the Heroe, whom she loves.
In the close Fight she took so great delight,
She then could think of nothing but the Fight;
With Joy she laid him panting at her Feet,
But with no less did his Recovery meet:
Her trembling Hand first gently rais'd his Head,
She almost dies for fear that he is dead:
Then binds his Wounds up with a busie Hand,
And with that Balm enables him to stand;
Till by her Love she conquers him once more,
And wounds him deeper than she did before;
Tho' fallen from the top of Pleasures Hill,
With Longing Eyes we look up thither still;

Still thither our unwearied Wishes tend,
Till we that height of Happiness ascend
By gentle steps; the Ascent it self exceeds
All Joy, but only that to which it leads.
First, then so long and lovingly we kiss,
As if like Doves we knew no other Bliss;
Still in one Mouth our Tongues together play,
Whilst wanton Hands are pleas'd no less than they.
Thus cling'd together now a while we rest,
Breathing our Souls into each other's Breast:
Then give a gentle Kiss of all our Parts,
While this best way we make a change of Hearts.
Here would my Praise, as well as pleasure dwell;
Enjoyment's self I scarce like half so well:
The little this comes short in Rage and Strength,
Is largely recompenc'd with endless Length.

Still Longing Eyes we look up to the Hill
This

This Pleasure would remain, if we could stay,
But Love's too eager to admit delay,
And hurries us with Speed so smooth away.
Now wanton in our Joys we nimbly move
Our Pliant Hands in all the shapes of Love;
Our Motions, not like that of perter Fools,
Whose active Body shews their heavy Souls;
But Sports of Love, in which the willing Mind;
Makes Men as able as their Hearts are kind;
That Love would ease us of our eager Fire,
Which, with such active Zeal we now require,
At last we force that Blessing we desire.
In Women's Mynes Men labour with great pain,
And thus we Heav'n with Violence obtain.
Oh! Heav'n of Love, thou Moment of Delight!
Wrong'd by my words, my Fancy does thee Right:
Methinks I lie all melting with her Charms,
And fast lock'd up within her Legs and Arms.

Bent are our Minds, and all our Thoughts on Fire,
 Just labouring in the pangs of fierce Desire,
 At once, like Misers, wallowing in their Store,
 In full Possession, yet desiring more.

Life.

L I F E.

By Mr. Motteux.



WHile Frantick Winds with Fury blow,
And Plough, and shake the sickle Main,
The working Billows swell, with dreadful noise they
flow,
To Vales and Hills they turn the liquid Plain :
Their oozy Beds profoundest Waters leave,
As if the Sea's proud Brood, like Earth's, wou'd try
T'extinguish and confound the Glories of the Sky.
Their bold Gygantic Heads they proudly heave,
O'er Mountains rival Mountains soar,
And foam, and rave, with horrid Roar ;
But soon each following surge its leading surge con-
trouls,

Successively push'd on, the fluid Mountain rows,
And dash'd and spent, dies on the Shoar ;

Buried and lost in th' universal Tomb,
Its vast maternal Womb.

So in *Life's* dubious Course,
Wild Fortune's shocks the Soul disturb,
With their impetuous Force;
Swell'd by its Pow'r, the Passions rage,
No bounds the soaring Will can curb;
Presumptuous Minds dare Heav'n engage:
But crowding Years push on, and forwards drive,
Till hurried on, vain Men arrive
On Death's inevitable Coast,
Where all, dissolv'd to dust, in Nature's Mass are
lost.

The

The FLEA, on of Ovid.

THou little Insect, canst thou prove

So great an Enemy to Love,

Thus to molest the chaste She,

Whose Frame was spotless, but for Thee?

I've trac'd the Footsteps of thy Wrong,

And now pursue thee with my Song.

Base Vermin! that delight'st in Blood,

And juicy Virgins are thy Food;

Those Spots, the Trophies thou hast won,

Now seem to blush for what is done;

And when thy Gorge is fill'd with Gore,

(Her Veins contain the richest Store,)

Thou *Maudlin* shed'st repenting Tears,

Black as thy self, their Stain appears:

Thou dost invade her slumb'ring Hours,
And robb'st her Rest, as ~~he does ours~~;
'Tis then thou wand'rest o'er the Plain,
Where we employ our Thoughts in vain;
Her Lips, Breasts, Knees, Thighs, all is free,
As free as open Air to thee.

It grieves me, when I think that Bliss,
Without Fruition, should be Miss;
While on her Couch th'extended Dame,
Wishing a Partner of her Flame,
Just as she dies, when none is nigh,
Thou boldly dost attack her Thigh;
Nay, impudently dar'st invade
The sweet Recess for others made;
Improvidently, without Gust,
Thou'rt made a Denizon of Lust.

Now

Now let me perish, but my Foe
 Is much the happiest thing I know;
 Thy shape, tho' strange, must be the Dress,
 To which *Orinda* gives access:
 Thus mask'd, I shall discover more
 Than all my Courtship did before.

If Nature wou'd transform my Shape,
 And suffer me to be thy *Apart*;
 But on condition, to restore
 The Features which I had before,
 I'd try if Magic Charms could move
 Such wonderful Effects of Love.
 If Med'cines be as strong as they,
 I'll presently commence a *Flea*;
 And what *Medea's* Charms have done,
 Or *Circe's* Druggs, is fully known.

Suppose the Change—this Pilgrim drefs,
 Conveys me to the Goal of Bliss;
 Upon the extremities I stand,
 And thence survey the Promis'd Land.
 With silence and with haste I strove
 To shade me in the sacred Grove,
 Where unperceiv'd, and acting nought
 Of Harm, save what was in my Thought,
 I break the Chains of my Disguise,
 And Manhood Shoots between her Thighs,
 Perchance the Dame with Fears oppress'd,
 Will call me Monster, Villain, Beast;
 Threatning to call aloud for Aid,
 When squeamish Honour is betray'd;
 Then if Intreaties fail, must I
 Dwindle into a Penfive Ply.

When

When that is o'er another Scene,
Presents me in the Lists agen;
Then I invoke the Cyprian Dame,
To be propitious to my Flame;
And all the Heav'nly Pow'rs t'express
Their Care of Lovers in Distress,
Sighs, Pray'rs, and gentle Force combine,
To make the coy *Orinda* mine;
She to my Wishes yields her Charms,
And hugs the Turn-coat in her Arms.

To

To SYLVIA: *An Excuse for*
having lov'd another in her Ab-
sence.

By Mr. Dennis.

I Never was inclin'd to range,
 Till you from Love and me did fly;
 Your cruel Absence made me change,
 And for a meaner Beauty die.

Me an inferiour Beauty fir'd,
 Her Eyes supply'd your absent Eyes;
 So when the radiant Sun retir'd,
 Earth's short-liv'd Fire the God supplies.

But

But when his everlasting Rays
 Again shine forth divinely bright;
 Strait Elementall Fire decays
 Half quencht by Golden Streams of Light

To *Phæbus* then we turn and gaze,
 And the descending God admire;
 And let, to bask in his bright Blaze,
 Our glimmering sickly Flames expire,

Abroad to meet his Beams we run,
 Beams that revive us as they burn;
 Alternate Breaths suck in the Sun,
 Alternate Breaths his Praise return.

Who-

Whoe'er too much that Pow'r can praise,
 By which he lives, by which he sings:
 Hail! thou that dost inspire my Lays,
 Thou brightest of refulgent things.

Thou warm'st my Heart, and cheer'st my Eye,
 With Godlike Hints thou fir'st my Soul,
 When thou art absent, still I die,
 Thy Motions all my Life controul.

These two last Stanza's (*says my Friend*)
 Meant of the Sun, are hardly true,
 But nothing juster e'er was penn'd,
 If, *Sylvia*, they were meant of you.

**No true Love between Man
and Woman.**

NO, no,—'tis not Love—You may talk till
Dooms day,

If you tell me 'tis more than meer Satisfaction ;
I'll never believe a Tittle you say,

Tho' *Baxter* and *Oates* were the Heads of your
Faction.

The Poets therefore were a number of Owls,
To make such a stir with a Baby-face God ;
While they set poor *Priapus* to scare the wild
Fowls,

That rules with a far more Scepter-like Rod.

'Tis

'Tis true, he may sometimes be blindly put to't ;
But the Bow and the Arrows are surely his due ;
For when that his Arrows are ready to shoot,
They make the more pleasing wound of the two.

'Twas he was the Father of all the Graces ;
For he's the beginning and end of our wooing ;
Your Smiles, and your Ogles, and alluring Gri-
maces,
They all do but end in Feeling and Doing.

When a Man to a Woman comes creeping and
his cringing,
And spends his high Raptures on her Nose and
her Eyes ;
'Tis Priapus inspires the Talkative Engine,
And all for the sake of her lilly white Thighs.

Your

Your Vows and Protefts, your Oaths all and some,
 obnoxious, *both Learned and Smart,*
 They'll tell you the place from whence they all
 come, *if either do either*
is hard to find *the world is full of them*

There's nothing but Vertue the Object of Love;
For Beauty and Colour *Love minds in the least?*
 They're only the Idols of Pleasure, by *Love*, I
 Where *the* *Man's* *Desire* *Priapus* *High Priest.*

Your Lips, and your Eyes, with their Diamonds
 and Coral,
 Are only like Capers and Samphire in Pickle;
 For talk what you please, 'tis her Men adore all,
 That has the best Fiddle *Priapus* to tickle.

Now if she be rich, 'tis the Portion he'd have,

Or a Coach and fine Cloaths, that her boye do

encourage, most from the place from

But alas! if either do either deceive,

Love presently cools like a Mef of Beef Por-
ridge.

There's nothing but Vaine the Object of Love;

Then if this be your Love, she Devil take

Lover, They're only the Idols of Pleasure, by

Where Self Satisfaction is all the design;

But let me have that which all Men approve,

An Angel in Purse, and a Glas of good Wine,

and Coral

Are only like Capers and Strumpets in Pickle;

For talk what you please, 'tis but 'an adore all

That has the best Fiddle to play to his

A Satyr against Poetry.

In a Letter to the Lord D.—

LET my Endeavours, as my Hopes, depend
On you, the Orphan's Trust, the Muse's
Friend:

The Great good Man, whose kind Resolves declare
Vertue and Verse, the Object of your Care,
When hungry Poets now abdicate their Rhimes,
For some more darling Folly of the Times.

S——I and — I here forbear to name,

Condemn'd to Lawrel, tho' unknown to Fame;

Recanting S——le brings the tuneful Ware,

Which wiser Smithfield damn'd to Sturbridge-Fair;

Protests his Tragedies, and Libels fail

To yield him Paper, Penny-Ldaves, and Ale,

And bids our Youth by his Example fly,
 The Love of Politicks and Poetry;
 And all Retreats, except *New-hall*, refuse,
 To shelter tuneful *D—*'s Jockey Muse.

Is there a Man to these Examples blind,
 To chinking Numbers fatally inclin'd;

Who by his Muse, wou'd purchase Meats and Fame,
 And in th' next Miscellanies plant his Name?

Were my Beard grown, the wretch I'd thus advise;
 Repent, fond Mortal, and be timely wise.

Take heed, be not by gilded Baits betray'd,

Clio's a silt, and *Pegasus* a Jade.

By Verse you'll starve, *John*'s *Saul* * *The Cambridge Bell-*
man, a Poetaster.
 cou'd never live,

Did not the *Bell-man* make the *Poet* thrive.

Go rather to some little Shed, near *Paul*'s,

Sell *Chevy-Chase*, and *Baxter's Salve for Souls*.

Cry *Raree-Shows*, sing *Ballads*, transcribe *Vote*:

Be *Carr*, or *Ketch*, or any thing but—*Oats*.

Hold, Sir, some Bully of the Muses cries,
Methinks you're more Satyrical than wise.

You rail at *Verse* indeed, but rail in *Rhyme*,

At once encourage, and condemn the Crime.

—True, Sir, I write, and have a Patron too,

To whom my Tributary Songs are due:

Yet, with your leave, I'd honestly dissuade

Those wretched Men from *Pindus's* barren Shade.

Who, tho' they tire their Muse, and rack their Brains

With blust'ring Heroes, and with piping Swains,

Can no Great-Patient-giving-Man engage,

To fill their Pockets, and their Title Page.

Were I like these, by angry Fate decreed,

By Penny-Elegies to get my Bread,

And want a Meal, unless *George Croome* and I
Cou'd strike a Bargain for my Poetry ;
I'd damn my Works, to wrap up Soap & Cheese,
Or furnish Squibs for City Prentices
To burn the Pope, and celebrate *Queen Bess*.
But on your Ruin stubbornly pursue,
Herd with the little hungry chiming Crew ;
Obtain the airy Title of a Wit,
And be on free-cost, noisie in the Plt.
Print your dull Poems, and before 'em place
A Crown of Lawrel, and a Meagre Face ;
And may just Heav'n thy hated Life prolong,
Till thou (bless'd Author) seest thy deathless Song
The dusty Lumber of a *Smithfield* Stall,
And find'st thy Picture starch'd to stubborn Wall.
With *Fenny Armstrong*, and the *Prodigal*.

And

And to compleat the Curse——
 When Age and Poverty come faster on,
 And sad Experience tells thee thou'rt undone;
 May no kind Country Grammar-School afford
 Ten Pounds a Year for Lodging, Bed and Board:
 Till void of any fixt Employ, and now
 Grown useless to the Army and the Plough,
 You've no Friend left but trusting Land-lady,
 Who stows you in kind truckle Garret-high,
 To dream of Dinners, and curse Poetry.

Still I've a Patron, you reply, 'tis true;
 Fate, and good Parts, you say, may get one too:
 Why faith, e'en try, write, flatter, dedicate;
 Your Lords, and his fore-Fathers Deeds relate.
 Yet know, he'll wisely strive Ten Thousand ways,
 To shun a Needy Poet's fulsome Praise.

Nay, to avoid thy Importunity,
 Neglect his State, and condescend to be
 A Poet, tho' perhaps a worse than thee,
 Thus from a Patron he becomes a Friend,
 Forgetting to reward, learns to commend;
 Receives your long six Months successful Toil,
 And talks of Authors Energies, and Style;
 Damns the dull Poems of the scribbling Town,
 Applauds your Writings, and repeats his own.
 Thou Wretch, in Complaisance oblig'd must sit,
 Extol his Judgment, and admire his Wit.
 Tho' this Poetic Peer perhaps scarce knows,
 With jingling Sounds to tagg insipid Prose;
 And shou'd be by some honest *Manly* told,
 He'd lost his Credit to secure his Gold,

But

But if thou'rt bless'd enough to write a Play,
Without the hungry Hopes of kind third day;
And he presumes, that in thy Dedication,
Thou'lt fix his Name, nor bargain for his Station;
My Lord, his useless kindness then assures,
And vows to th' utmost of his Power he's yours;
Likes the whole Plot, and praises e'ery Scene,
And play'd at Court, 'twou'd strangely please the
Queen.

And you may take his Judgment sure, for he
Knows the true Spirit of good Poetry.

All this you see, and know, yet cease to shun,
And seeing, knowing, strive to be undone.
So Kidnap'd Slave, when once beyond *Gravesend*,
Rejects the Counsel of recalling Friend;
Is sold to dreadful Bondage he must bear,
And see's unable to avoid the Snare.

So

So practis'd Thief, if taken, ne'er dismay'd,
 Forgets the Sentence, and pursues the Trade,
 Tho' yet he almost feels the smocking Brand,
 And sad T. R. stand fresh upon his Hand.

The Author then with daring Hopes wou'd
 strive,
 With well-built Verse, to keep his Fame alive;
 And something to Posterity present,
 That's very new, and very excellent.
 Something beyond the uncall'd drudging Tribe,
 Beyond what BEN cou'd write, or I describe;
 Shou'd in substantial Happiness abound,
 His Mind with Peace, his Board with Plenty crown'd.
 No early Duns shou'd break his Learned Rest,
 No sawcy Cares his nobler Thought molest;
 Only th'ent'ring God shou'd shake his lab'ring
 Breast.

In vain we bid dejected S——le hit

The Tragic Flights of Tow'ring *Shakespeare's* Wit:

He needs must miss the Mark, who's kept so low,

He has not Strength enough to draw the Bow.

In vain from our starv'd *Songsters* we require,

The height of *COWLET's*, and *ANACREON's*
Lyre.

In vain we bid them fill the Bowl,

Large as their Capacious Soul;

Who, since the King was crown'd, ne'er tasted
Wine,

But write at Eight, and know not where to dine.

D——; indeed, and R——r might write,

For their own Credit, and their Friend's Delight:

Shewing how far they cou'd the rest outdo,

As in their Fortunes, in their Writings too,

There was a time, when *OTWAY* charm'd the Stage,

OTWAY, the Hope, and Sorrow of the Age:

When

When the full Pit, with pleas'd Attention hung,
Charm'd on each Accent of *Castalio's* Tongue:
With what a Laughter was his *SOLDIER* read?
How mourn'd we, when his *JAFFIER* struck, and
bled?

Yet this great Poet, who with so much Ease
Still drew his Pen, and still was sure to please:

The Light'ning is less lively than his Wit,
And Thunder-Claps less loud, than those o'th'

Pit:

Had of his many Wants much earlier dy'd,
But that kind Banker *B—n* supply'd,
And took for Pawn the Embryo of a Play,
Till he cou'd pay himself next full third Day.

Were *Shakespear's* self alive again, he'd ne'er
Degenerate to a Poet from a Player.

For

For now no *Sidneys* will three Hundred give,
That needy *Spencer* and his Fame may live;
None of our poor Nobility can send
To his *Kings-Bench*, or to his *Bedlam* Friend.

Chymists and *Whores* by this great Lord were *col*,
(These by their honest Labours earn'd their Bread,)
But he was never so expensive yet,
To keep a Creature meerly for his Wit.
But now your Yawling prompts me to give o'er,
Your humble Servant, Sir—I've done—no more.

pure Rhyming :
Let Slovens mind the Sense, you Poets mind the

rhyming.
Sweet before was thy Fame, but now by all
thinking.

As the Perfume is quite voided in thinking.

f

For now no twenty will three Hundred give
EPIGRAM.

By Mr. Killingworth.

Pugh *Tom*,—how dost come by these horrid
 Capriches,

'Art a sham'd of thy Face, that thou pull'st down thy
 Breeches?

For what is it else, tho' we laugh at the matter,

To quit pretty *Verses*, and write sorry *Says*?

Thou'dst done well enough, had'st thou stuck to

pure Rhyming :

Let Slovens mind the Sence, you Beaux's mind the
 chyming.

Sweet before was thy Fame, but now by dull
 thinking,

Merks the Perfume is quite voided in stinking.

To the Infinitely lov'd Memory of
my Dearest

A Pastoral.

THYRSIS, ALTHEA.

Beneath a silent Grove's diverting Shade;
Where lofty Trees a pleasant Vista made;
Thyrsis, and kind Althea, mournful pair,

He Brown, but young, she young, but Heav'nly
Fair;

Yet more ally'd in Woes, extended lay,
And in sad Ditties spent the tedious Day:

Melania was their Song, Melania late

Arcadia's Glory, whose untimely Fate

Drew Floods of Tears from ev'ry Shepherd's Eye,

And rugged Saryrs wept by Sympathy.

Good

Good *Corydon*, who rang'd the Fields and Groves
 To fetch the hindmost of his ling'ring Doves;
 Observ'd 'em gazing in a Peaceful Ring,
 To hear *Althea* and her *Thyrsis* sing;
 No Stalls no Fodder mist, but all around,
 Stood extasy'd with the Melodious Sound,
 While in Alternate humble Rhymes, to Fame
 They consecrated dear *Melania's* Name,
 And flattering Echoe's airy Notes return'd the
 same.

T H Y R S I S.

No more let teeming Earth's fair Bosom yield,
 Her bloomy Sweets to deck the smiling Field,
 No more let yonder Stream forsake its Head,
 To wash our fertile Meads; *Melania's* dead!

ALTHÆA.

Melania's Bosom nobler Sweets could yield,
 Than all the various Beauties of the Field;
 Soft as these gentle Rills, which round us play,
 Not fleeting so, but far more pure than they.

ALTHÆA.

No more let Leaves adorn the drooping Trees;
 But on their Boughs eternal Winters freeze;
 Let Roses all their blushing Glories shed,
 And Lilies hang their Heads, *Melania's* dead!

THYRSIS.

Melania in her pleasant Youth outvy'd
 The leavy Groves in all their verdant Pride:
 Ruddy as blushing Roses newly blown,
 And by her Whiteness, Lilies lost their own.

THYRSIS.

Heark what a sullen silence spreads the Grove,
 Once the fair Scene of harmless Joys and Love;
 The *Sylvan Chorus* tune their Throats no more,
 But in soft Throbs *Melania's* Fate deplore.

ALTHÆA.

'Twas here when the Divine *Melania* sung,
 On circling Trees the *Sylvan Chorus* hung
 Around her Head, and with her Heav'nly Voice,
 In Symphony made Woods and Hills rejoice.

ALTHÆA.

At large, no more our trembling Lambkins play,
 Nor frisking Kids thro' the wild Forests stray,
 Nor has my *Thyrsis* seen the sportive Fawns
 Of late, run skipping nimbly o'er the Lawns.

THE THERSIS.

Safe were our Lambkins, safe our Kids and Fawns;
 When her bright Eyes secur'd the Fields & Lawns;
 No strowling Wolves would near our Sheep-Coats
 stray,
 But fled like Midnight Ghosts before the day.

THE THERSIS.

Has not *Althæa* seen our Milk-white Cow?
 How fair her Eyes, how large and smooth her Brow;
 How gently she wou'd to the Milk-pale come,
 Woo'd by her Neighbouring Herds, and lov'd at
 home.

ALTHÆA.

A sweeter Beauty fill'd *Melania's* Eyes,
 Her Forehead did with nobler smoothness rise;

The gentlest Shepherdess of all the Plain,
Admir'd by Us, and lov'd by every Swain.

ALTHÆA.

Has not my *Thyrsis* seen *Lycisca's* Care,
How fierce and watchful when the Wolf was near?
How fine and clean her Shape, how fondly kind,
Staunch as thy Loves, and fleet as the Wind?

THYRSIS.

With gallant Scorn, *Melania* quell'd the Crowd,
O'er-aw'd the Wanton, and subdu'd the Proud;
Cast in the finest mold of Nature true,
And swift to Goodness, and more kind than you.

ALTHÆA.

Where-e'er she came, she rais'd a constant Spring,
Rocks turn'd to Pastures, and our Kine would bring
Their

Their Udders strutting home, our Lambs at-large,
With thrifty Fat would their small Limbs o'er
charge.

When she went hence the Grass and Flowers wou'd
droop,

The mournful Swains beneath their Cares wou'd
stoop;

Her chearful Looks our languid Hopes reviv'd,

And in her Presence smiling Nature liv'd.

THYRSIS.

Where-e'er she came, our pregnant Ewes wou'd bear,

Twins for each Quarter of the changing Year;

Our Bee-hives soon with noblest Sweets o'erflow'd,

And shooting Oaks, as if on Tiptoes, stood

To see their Queen; when she return'd, the Trees

Dropp'd their pale Leaves around the lazy Bees;

Starv'd in their empty Cells, our Flocks decay'd,
And all the Music of the Plaine was laid.

ALTHÆA.

Sweet are our bleating Lambs, and sweet the Cow
Does breathe, and sweetly towards her Fellows low;
Sweet are the tender Grass, and painted Flowers,
And sweet the Field, new dash'd with pearly
Show'rs;

Sweet are the Banks of yonder Chrystal Stream,
And Virgin Loves are a delightful Theme;
More sweet than all is dear *Melania's* Name,
Fragrant as Vertue, and more large than Fame.

THYRSIS.

Soft are the Coolings of a gentle Breeze,
To wearied Shepherds, soft the murmuring Trees,
When fann'd with easie Winds, or purling Rills,
Which o'er sharp Stones, the teeming Rock distills,
Soft

Soft are the mournings of the Love-sick Swain,
 Harmless the Sports on flow'ry *Tempe's* Plain;
 More soft, more harmless, dear *Melania's* Mind,
 From all the Dregs of common Earth refin'd.

ALTHÆA.

Pale Death, alas! has snatch'd the lovely Maid;
 In a dark Cave the lifeless Corps is laid:
 Her Cheeks, no Lilies now, no Roses grace;
 But Tyrant paleness revels in their place;
 While neither Moon, nor Stars, nor Sun can peep
 Through the dark Hollows of the wasteful Deep.

THYRSIS.

But when around the doleful News was spread,
 And the sad Echoes sob'd, *Melania's* dead;
 The mournful Swains, their Flocks neglected, lay
 In Tears all Night, in sighings all the Day;

The grieving Flocks their sweetest Pastures scorn'd,
 And for her Fate their Salvage Tygers mourn'd:
 The whisp'ring Woods *Melania's* Death condol'd;
 From Hills to Hills the dismal Tydings roll'd,
 And each small Rill, supply'd by weeping Springs,
 New Floods still to augment our Sorrow brings.

ALTHÆA.

But sing, my *Thyrsis*, sing, what fatal cause
 Precipitated Nature's gentler Laws,
 To crop her tender Blossom; had she bow'd
 To the sharp Wounds of Love's insulting God?
 Had Jealousie e'er rack'd her tender Breast,
 Or torturing Grief her native Strength oppress'd?

THYRSIS.

Rise then, my Muse, mount on a stronger wing,
 In loftier Strains, *Melania's* Vertues sing:

No common Loves e'er reach'd her Godlike Soul,
 No looser Passions could her Thoughts controul:
 Jealous of none, to every Shepherd kind,
 Belov'd by all, her self to none confin'd.
 Friendship alone, that nobler Love, possess
 The soft Recesses of *Melania's* Breast:
 Friendship, that Heav'n on Earth, that sacred Band,
 Which does blest Souls, and happy Gods command:
 Friendship, that rapid Flame, whose wond'rous heat
 Dissolv'd the Pillars of its mouldring Seat,
 But swell'd her Soul with an expanded Ray,
 Toward the bright Sources of Eternal Day.
Damon, too happy Swain, her Thoughts embrac'd,
 And she the first in *Damon's* Friendship plac'd,
 On her kind Bosom *Damon* eas'd his Woos,
 On his *Melania* did her Soul repose;
 Their Tears were oft, and oft their Smiles combin'd,
 Their darling Souls thro' friendly Glances join'd:

One Grief alone, one Joy, one Soul inform'd,
Their Breasts, one Love their tender Bosoms
warm'd.

The Northern World, long lost in Darkness' stay,
With less Impatience for returning Day,
Than without *Damon* sweet *Melania* liv'd,
Than for *Melania*'s Absence *Damon* griev'd.

Curs'd be suspicious Brutes, that durst divide
Hearts much by Blood, by Friendship more ally'd.
Curs'd be those narrow Souls, that can't admit
Passions above their crazy Thoughts and Wit.

[*Damon* and kind *Melania* lov'd, it's true,
And to each other's fond Embraces flew ;
Their Sympathetic Souls with Ardour met,
No Jealousies their present Joys beset :

But

But in soft Chat they past their drowsie time,
And neither knew, nor could suspect a Crime;
So harmless Doves, with Cooing murmurs meet,
And oft with their repeated Billings greet;
Yet all secure from Guilt, they knew no shame,
Their Souls ne'er swell'd with that impurer Flame;
Condemn'd by Vertue, but with Thoughts as free,
As the first Man in the World's Infancy:

They pleas'd each other; not those untaught
Smiles,

By which our fearless Infant Age beguiles
Scithians of all their Rage; not that blest Fire,
Which does the vast Superior World inspire
With never fading Love, had less offence,
Or chaster Thoughts, or nobler Innocence.

Melania's Bosom, chaste as that pure Snow,
Which fanning Winds from Northern Mountains
blow :

No

No untam'd with e'er knew that Virgin-seat,
Thither no modish Follies durst retreat ;
But sacred Innocence there built her Nest,
Richer than all the Spices of the East ;
Sweeter than Odours from those wond'rous Fires,
Wherein the Phoenix, now full-aged, expires.

Damon's maturer Age to Vertue's Lore,
Submissive long, the deep Impressions bore
Of sweet *Melania's* Goodness all his Breast ;
The fair *Ideas* of her Soul posselt ;
His Heart no Lawless Fancies e'er could move,
Fill'd with his own *Astræa's* boundless Love ;
Astræa too *Melania's* Soul posselt,
Astræa, with *Melania's* Love, was blest.
While Love and Friendship *Damon's* Heart divide,
No Ebb e'er flakes his double rising Tide ;

But

But both Poetic, lofty Dreams outflow,
Chast as *Astræa's*, as *Melania's* true.

But jealous Fools disturb'd their envy'd ease,
Nor can the Rules of sacred Friendship please
Unnurtured Souls, whose groveling Fancies rove
Only on senseless Lusts, and Brutish Love.

And as from that huge Elm, which shades our
Cell,
Broke by a Storm, the spreading Branches fell,
And torn from their old Trunk, and unsupply'd
By native Sap, soon dropp'd their Leaves, and dy'd;
So fell *Melania*, so the blushing Flowers
Of Poppies sink, oppress'd by hasty Showers:
The Cowslip so, when to the Sicke it yields,
In its own sweets enbalm'd, perfumes the fragrant
Fields.

ALTHEA

Such is thy Voice, my *Thyrsis*, such thy Song;
 The Verse so easie, and the words so strong,
 That should the Gods of Love and Music joyn;
 Their Harmony, my dear, must yield to thine.

Not drooping Plants love more the gentle Rains,
 Or pretty Nymphs to trip it o'er the Plains,
 Or wearied Swains in coolest Shades to sleep,
 Or *Damon* o'er *Melania's* Heart to weep,
 Than I to hear my tuneful *Thyrsis* sing,
 And to my longing Ears her dearest Name to bring;
 And if just Fame thy Rustic Muse can give,
 Or Vertue from Oblivion's force retrieve,
 Ever *Melania's* Love, and Praise, and Name, shall
 live.

The Tempest.

A Fragment.

When the next horrid Scene salutes their
Eyes,
And nothing they discern but Seas and Skies,
Nor these too long; for now black Clouds arise,
Contending Winds from several Quarters roar,
And rising Seas rowl to the foaming Shoar;
The Clam'rous Saylers climb the rattling Shrouds,
And horrid Thunder rends the bellowing Clouds;
Flashes of Fire, with their amazing Light,
Strike through the Gloom, and interrupt the
Night,
The hideous deep restoring to their Sight.

Vows like themselves, lost by the Winds their
form,

Their Pilot quits the Helm, their Pilot now's the
Storm :

Fate on amain with the next Billow rows,

A damp like Death, strikes thro' their Limbs, and
Horror thro' their Souls.

To

*To the Sacred Memory of Charles
the First.*

Hail, Glorious Martyr! Saint triumphant, Hail!
Fix'd now above our sordid Earth,
Bless'd with an immortal Birth,
Lovely, gentle, soft and kind,
A Royal, still, and a Seraphic Mind,
Against whose radiant Head no sullen Clouds
prevail.

Hail, thy great Master's parallel!
He too was born a Prince, divinely pure,
From Ills within himself secure,
But from abroad, pursu'd with all the Storms of
Hell.

I see, I see the wond'rous Infant fly,
Array'd with Godlike Majesty.

The Winds and Clouds his little Frowns obey;
And bright Angelic Guards attend him all the way;
Those happy Subjects still attend their King,
And all around their Hallelujahs sing;
With their great Master's Lot content,
In an inglorious Banishment,
While impious Slaves stand of his Throne possess'd,
By every Fiend ador'd, and every Rebel bless'd.

See where the Youth returns! his wond'rous Eyes,
Bright as that Lightsom Orb, which gilds the
Skies;

His Shape Divine, ineffable his Face,
Above the Charms of Human Race,
Cast in a perfect Mould,
The Lines all easie, and the Figure bold:

By

By an unerring Artist's Hand design'd,
 To represent in Flesh and Blood,
 As far as a material Substance could,
 The lively Image of his own Almighty Mind;
 Cloth'd all with Goodness, and adorn'd with Love,
 Wise as the Serpent, harmless as the Dove,
 And kind as every Influence above.

At his Command a sudden Calm o'er-spread

The rolling Seas,

And ev'ry fierce Disease

Before him fled,

And with his mighty Voice he rous'd the slum-
 b'ring Dead.

All Nature to his Hand submissly bow'd,

And Hell it self his sacred Pow'r allow'd,

While with a thousand Miracles he try'd

To cicurate his Rebel's boundless Pride:

Yet all so good, so kind, so free,
As none could e'er effect but he,
The glorious Central point of all the Deity.

But Man, th' unhappy cause of his own dreadful
Woes,

No bounds of Reason or of Prudence knows;

But with a wild unguided Soul,

Does all his own Felicities controul.

And tho' in Shades of horrid Night,

He gropes and pores, and longs for Light,

Yet when it comes, he gapes & sickens at the sight

So the fam'd Jewish Rabbins wond'ring stood,

Crush'd and o'erwhelm'd with Good,

Blind with Light's invading Beams,

Drunk with Mercy's flowing Streams,

And mad with their own senceless Dreams,

Not their own Monarchs Rights, or Influence un-
derstood.

Hark

Hark how they curse ! Hark how the slaves revile,
Their Lord, and Ermine Innocence defile !

Oppress him with a thousand Lyes,
A thousand silly Crimes surmise ;
Now in a friendly smooth Disguise,
And then as surly Enemies,

A thousand Rebel Arts and Stratagems devise ;
While he, the Tyrant and the Traytor, stands
Obedient to his own Rebellious Slaves commands.

He too the mark of common Scorn was made,
Kiss'd by a Judas, and betray'd,

Charg'd with a fond Design,
Their ancient Policies to undermine,
Slily to introduce the Roman Power,
And make Exotic Rixes *Judean* Schemes devour ;
Accus'd, condemn'd, rais'd to the fatal Tree,

Branded with shameless Infamy,

L 3

And

And Malice still pursu'd his sacred Name.

Then to be true, or just, or kind,

To be to Christian Laws confin'd,

To own their Sovereign Prince, or strive

To keep his Honours, or his Rights alive,

Expos'd to danger, and expos'd to Shame,

But the Day breaks, the sullen Gloom withdraws,

And Death rescinds his *Perfo-Median* Laws;

His Bars, his Chains, his Rocky Walls give way,

And jocund Angels bless the rising Day:

Up to the Palace of the Skies,

On humble Clouds the mighty Conqueror flies:

The Crown, the Scepter, and the Throne,

All chang'd; no Cross, no Reed, no Thorns were
seen;

But, with a sweet Majestic Mien,

Fair Love still in his Eyes triumphant shone,

None

None press'd him now with a mock Purple load,
But Silver Light around him flow'd;
No Wounds, no Gashes in his Sides appear'd,
But for his Iron Scepter fear'd.

Nations together dash'd in pieces flew,
And pale the trembling Parricidal Rabble flew;
No Crimson Drops fell from his mournful Head,
But sprightly Beams his radiant Tresses shed,
And o'er the spacious Orb a solid Glory spread,
Their Heav'nly Notes the tuneful Angels rais'd,
And their triumphant Monarch prais'd.

Sweet Harmony pierc'd all the Globe around,
No sullen Jars in Nature's Calm were found,
But the mad Fiends themselves were hush'd with
the melodious sound.

And at his Feet we see,
With humble Air, and bended Knee,
One rob'd with an inferior Majesty ;
Three Royal Crowns beneath him laid,
Weighty with Gems and massive Gold ;
A snowy Circle does his Neck enfold,
With Ruby Drops, yet more Illustrious made ;
And oft his Eyes, and oft his Hands he rears,
And still a Suppliants garb he wears,
Heaving Sighs and flowing Tears,
And all the marks of tender Pity and Compassion
bears ;
'Tis *Charles* the Good, the Just, *Charles* now no more
Expos'd to Hurricanes on a tempestuous Shoar ;
Charles of a brighter Crown possesst,
And nobler Rays his sacred Brows invest,
With all his mighty Master's favours blest.

No garbled Senate now, no Rebels dare
Infringe his Rights, or raise a fatal War;
No bold Blasphemers can disturb his Peace,
Or Impious Libels break his envy'd Ease;
But still with ancient Pity mov'd,
His holy Prayers are all improv'd,
To beg Heaven's Pardon for a cursed Land,
Where all obnoxious still to Heavenly vengeance
stand.

Ah wretched Land, since that first dismal time,
When Honesty was doom'd a Crime,
And pure and undefil'd Religion wore
The ugly colour of the Scarlet Whore!
When to address to Heav'n, would give Offence,
If it were cloath'd with Gravity or Sense;

To

To gull the Mob on some Red-Letter'd Day,
Enthusiastick Rapture bore the sway,
 And Godliness in nauseous Cant, and everlast-
 ing Nonsense lay.

Not God nor Man could due Obedience claim,
 But all was waisted in *Rebellious* Flame,
 And poor *St. Paul* got a *Malignant's* Name.

When for Religion dear, and dearer Liberty,
 The Dragon's Tail would dare to plead,

And raise the Members all against their Head,
 On wild pretence of strange *Apostasie*;
 When the dam'd *Hypocrites* within those Walls,

Where first our pious Laws were made,
 Our Laws, our Bodies, and our Souls betray'd,
 And in one fatal Pile,

Devour'd the Glories of our mournful Isle,

And sung a joyful Howl at *Britains* Funerals;

Then

Then guarding Angels left their ancient Charge,
And Hell broke loose, and Rebel Fiends at large,
Stalk'd thro' our Streets, and haunted every Field,
And every Rebels Breast,
Was by a thousand innate Devils possess'd,
And did a thousand Fruits of Hell-born Malice yield.
Then on our Palaces,
Satyrs and Dragons, and unnumber'd Monsters
more,
Could without Opposition seize,
And *Lucifer* on the bright Throne could roar;
Then the unthinking Rabble bow'd,
To a more various, and more Hellish Crowd,
Than Idol-making *Egypt* ever knew,
Or then *Chineses* now, or *Indian* Bramins do;
The Land was delug'd with an impious Flood,
And every little Sect baptiz'd in Loyal Blood.

Hark how the whining Tribe, with canting tone,
And many a deep forc'd Sigh, and many an ugly
Groan,

Invoke their God! not him, whose powerful Hand
Does the wide Universe command;

But their own *Moloch*, to whose scorching Womb,
They their own wretched Heirs devote,

And all the Sons of Vertue doom,
To clog the bloody Devil's unmeasurable Throat.

Observe their heav'd up Hands, and lifted Eyes,
Doleful Sobs and eager Cries,

Gay Hypocrisy's disguise.

Hark how the Pulpit rings, with Fift and Voice,
A furious Zeal, and a *Sentorian* Noise!

Those precious Saints sure have at last design'd
To seize by force on Heaven's Imperial Throne,

And make the Vassall'd World their own,

By Prayers and Tears combin'd.

No, 'tis a Grace, alas! before some bloody Feast,
A bold Affront to all the Pow'rs above,
To just Obedience, and to sacred Love,
Great *Charles*, Heaven's Representative, must be
The Sacrifice to their immoderate Sanctity;
His Blood a Cordial for a Saintly Guest:

So to indulge a Brutish Court,
To please a Villain, and to please a Whore,
The Baptists reverend Head was made their sport,
Lopt off by Arbitrary Pow'r;
Each Crime first from an impious Oath begins,
That against Heav'n design'd, this against Heav'n
and Kings.

O for the *Gothick* Tyrant's dreadful Fate!
Why should the blows of Vengeance large and deep,
Only reach the Regal State,
And to Rebellious Traytors sleep?

Struck

Struck with a frantic Rage, the Monster view'd,
The Pike's huge Head, and with his ghastly Eyes,
He thought the Senatorian bleeding Head pursu'd,
His easiest Minutes: at his noblest Feasts,

Murder and Guilt were all his Guests,
And sullen Horrors did his Heart surprize:
He rag'd, he storm'd, and in his guilty Soul,

Did ever lashing Furies rowl.
Eternal gnawings rack'd his tortur'd Breast,

By Hell, and every Devil posselt;
Till thrust by vengeful Fates, down to an easeless
Rest:

Why should I spend my weighty Curses so?
As if the Slaves could scape th'inevitable Blow?
Alas! they fret, they rave; nor their old Mate,

The preaching Porter e'er disclos'd
A Soul less quiet, less compos'd

Than

Than the Imperious Villains ; rowling Seas,
Rouz'd by impetuous Storms above the Sky,
When at each others Heads the tow'ring Billows fly,
Are hush'd, and silent all compar'd with these.
Some by *Cadmean* broils are crush'd, and some
From ling'ring Justice have their fatal doom ;
But still their Godless Heirs survive,
Heirs to their Crimes, and Aphorisms too,
And still their bloody Plots, and dark Intrigues
pursue ;
And still to damn again a thoughtless Nation strive :
Like Midnight Wolves on buried Saints they prey,
Or like *Hyena's*, shun the Day,
And scatter Blood, and scatter Poysons all the way,
No hallow'd Ground the Royal *Manes* can secure,
But sacred Monuments the Brutes invade ;
The blooming Sweets of Verruc Heav'nly pure,
Can't guard the venerable shade,

Or fragrant Memory;
But could our holy Villains get the Day,
And once more ravish the Imperial sway,
Charles in his Name again, and Books and Heirs
should die.

I see the discontented Crew,
The Brats of Common-wealth, together swarm;
And, deaf to each obliging Charm,
Again their baffled Stratagems renew.

I see their dark Cabals, and know
How deep their gloomy Mines, and Midnight Con-
sults go;

I watch their secret motions, and reveal
What their Confederate Devils wou'd fain con-
ceal:

I see the Back-Doors gaping stand,
The silent ingress of the crawling Band:

So the black Gates of Hell unfolding show,
 When the grim Fiends to Council go,
 To raise the *Pass* of the Realms below.
 I see their softer Arts, their murd'ring Smiles,
 Their wheedling Courtship, and their fawning Wiles,
 And the broad *Cameronian* Dagger drawn,
 And for the wish'd Success, their lavish Souls in
 pawn:

Yet sleep secure, ye sacred Pair:
 See where the fiery Guards possess the light some Air.
 The shining Squadrons all around
 With Victory and Virgin-Triumphs crown'd,
 They watch the bloody Heart, the murdering Hand,
 And all their Motions countermand;
 While Rebels sink by their own weight o'er-born,
 And God and *Charles* above, their headlong Coun-
 fels scorn.

Amen.

L. M.

M

Op

*On a Gentleman, who had been a
great Penitent.*

An EPIGRAM.

THE Sun still sets; and leaves the Earth to
Night;

Sill sets in Waves, that it may rise more bright:

The same advantage your great Penance shares ;

You rise a *Phæbus* from a Sea of Tears.

To

To his MISTRESS.

By Sir John Denham.

GO, Love-born Accents of my dying Heart,
Steal into hers, and sweetly there impart
The boundless Love, with which my Soul does
swell,

And all my Sighs there in soft Echoes tell :
But if her Heart does yet repugnant prove
To all the Blessings that attend my Love ;
Tell her the Flames that animate my Soul,
The pure, and bright, as those *Promethæus* stole ;
From Heav'n, tho' not like his by theft, they come ;
But a free Gift, by the eternal Doom.
How partial, cruel Fair one, are your Laws,
To reward th'Effect, yet condemn the Cause :

Condemn my Love, and yet commend my Lays,
That merits Love more, than these Merits praise:
Yet I to you my Love and Verse submit,
Without your Smile, that Hope, and these want Wit:
For as some hold no colours are in deed,
But from Reflection of the Light proceed:
So as you shine, my Verse and I must live,
You can Salvation and Damnation give.

Song.

S O N G.

By Th. Ch. Esq;

I.

AS I beheld the bright *Corinna's* Eyes,
The sturdy Spright of Love began to rise.
Ah! me, said I, fair Nymph, what is't you do?
You've rais'd the Devil, but will you lay him too?
Save me, oh! save me by your powerful Charms,
And take me to the Circle of your Arms.

II.

Fear not, said she, this is a harmless Devil,
I'll calm his Rage, and teach him to be civil;

Of this intruding Feind I know the Force,
The longer he contends he'll fare the worse:
Then op'd her Magic Book, and with a Spell,
Conjur'd the sawcy *Demon* into Hell.

Song.

S O N G.

By Sir George Etheridge.

L

Fair *Iris*, all our time is spent
In trifling, whilst we dally
The Lovers, who're indifferent,
Commit the grossest Folly.
Ah! stint not then the flowing Pleasure
To such a wretched scanty measure;
Since boundless Passion, boundless Joys will prove:
Excess can only justify our Love.

I I.

Excess, in other things so bad,

In Love's the justest Measure :

No other Reason's to be had

In that Seraphic Pleasure.

From growing Love, bright Nymphs, your Faces

Receive ten thousand sweeter Graces :

My *Iris*, then, that you may be divine,

Let your soft Flame spread Night and Day, like
mine.

To

To King WILLIAM.

—*Similem quæ prætulit ætas ?*

Concilio, vel Marte Virum? nunc Brutus amaret

Vivere sub Regno tali, submitteret Aula

Fabritius; cuperent ipsi servire Catones.

Thus English'd.

IN Council Wise, in War so great a Man,

What Age did e'er produce, or ever can?

Brutus himself, this best of Kings wou'd Love,

The wise *Fabritius* wou'd to Court remove;

And *Cato* too, whom *Cæsar* cou'd not tame,

Wou'd now a subject live with greater Fame.

To

To my Friend Mr. Charles Hopkins: On reading his Translations out of Ovid and Tibullus.

By Mr. C. G.

THus sweetly once the Love-sick *Orpheus* sung,
When on his Voice the *Sylvan* Audience
hung;

Thus smooth his Numbers, and thus soft his Song,
That calm'd the Native Rage of the Infernal
Throng.——

——Ah! no——my Friend, I wrong thy nobler
Fame,

He only *Woods, Stones, Brutes*, and *Hell* cou'd tame;
And Female Madness strove in vain t'assuage,
Falling a Victim to their Thoughtless Rage:

But

But Thou, can'st melt a *WOMAN*'s boundless Hate;
Bend altho' stubborn Pride, and all her Rage abate;
Exalt her sordid Mercenary Mind,
And make the Sex soft, gen'rous, just, and kind.

Go on, dear Youth, with lucky Omens move,
And teach the *British* Ladies how to love.

Shew e'ry Spring, by which the Passions rise,
How *Admiration* first attacks the Eyes;
Thence how it gently does the Heart surprize:

How there it kindles that unruly Fire,
That melts our past Indifference to glowing hot desire.

Shew the mistaken methods of the Fair,
Who drive their fighting Slaves to curs'd Despair.

Ah! let thy Verse more tender Thoughts inspire,
And make relentless fair Ones burn with equal Fire.

Like *Ovid*'s, shall thy Picture then be worn,
And the glad Hand of e'ry Youth adorn,
As a sure Philtre 'gainst his Mistress's Scorn.

By SPENCER.

*[Not a line of it by him]***P***hillis* is both blithe and young;Of *Phillis* is my Silver Song:

I love thilk Lasse, and in my Heart

She breeds full many a baleful Smart.

Kids, cracknels, with my earliest Fruit,

I give to make her hear my Suit;

When *Colin* does approach o'erjoy'd,

My Hopes, alas! are all accoy'd.

Were I not born to love the Maid,

Yet she calls Miracles to her Aid.

When stormy Stou'rs had dress'd the year,

In shivering Winters wrathful Chear:

Phillis, that lovely cruel wight,

Found me in a dreerie Plight;

And

And Snow-balls gently flung at me,
 To wake me from my Lethargy.
 Fire I ween there was y pent
 In all those frozen Balls she sent:
 For, Ah! woe's me, I felt them burn,
 And all my Soul to Flames I turn.
 < Ah! Phillis, if you'd quench my Fire,
 Burn your self with as fierce Desire.

*Neither Spenser or any of his
 Contemporaries ever wrote Oh!
 but always Oy.*

To

TO SYLVIA.

I.

DID you, my charming *Sylvia*, live
Where frozen Nature ne'er inspires
Soft Love, or thaws to warm Desires,
Yet sure you wou'd some Pity give
To one condemn'd to so severe a Fate,
To bear the rigour of the Night, and what's far
more, your Hate.

II.

Bright lovely Charmer, lay aside
This useleſs, this ungrateful Pride,
That all my Happineſs deſtroys,
And robs thee of ten thousand Joys.
Let ancient Tales of one coy Matron boaſt,
Thy Charms are not beſtow'd to be for fanſy'd
Trifles loſt.

III.

I I I.

Thee Nature in these Glories drest,
To make the sighing Lover blest :
A sight of thee gives mighty Joys,
Far greater still thy melting Voice ;
To kiss thee must our grosser Make refine ;
But oh ! t'enjoy thee ! must make us grow Divine :

An

An Imitation of

Qualis nox fuit illa dii Deæq;!

Quam mollis torus! Hæsimus calentes;

Et transfudimus hinc & hinc labellis

Errantes animas; valete cura:

Mortalis ego sic perire cæpi.

Petronii sat.

OH! what a Night was that, ye Pow'rs Di-
vine!

When I lay lock'd within her Arms, she clasp'd in
mine:

O'er Love's unbeaten Wilds I freely rang'd,
Whilst at our Mouths our wand'ring Souls w'ex-
chang'd.

Farewel all mortal Cares, in haste farewell,

I'm now, where boundless Joys and Raptures dwell.

F I N I S.

